

The TATLER

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London
August 16, 1939



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NEARLY NINE: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET

Many happy returns of next Monday, August 21, to Princess Margaret, who celebrates the ninth anniversary of her birthday that day. Scots are duly proud of the fact that the younger daughter of T.M. The King and Queen was born at Glamis, and that her birthday is spent up north is another feather in Scotland's bonnet. Enjoying life wherever they are comes naturally to both Princesses, bless them, but their Scottish holiday always has an extra special thrill

And the World Said—



HOLIDAYING IN THE ISLAND

Thomas

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden briskly exercising themselves and their faithful hound along the shore at Bembridge. The Member for Leamington certainly looks as if he meant to enjoy every moment of leisure from Westminster. Other politicians please copy

THE appointment of M. Jean Giradoux as Commissioner-General of Information, alias *chef de propagande*, is worthy of the nation which has combined most completely the qualities of action and thought, the arts of life and learning. Giradoux is a genius. France is not afraid of her geniuses; she even makes use of them for the common weal, while England pursues a policy of isolation, which encourages the masses to ridicule the possessor of exceptional gifts, until he is regarded as an unpredictable oddity; a Shaw, a Havelock Ellis, a lone and wobbly star, an intellectual, therefore an untouchable, only to be appreciated by the self-chosen few. By magnifying the amiable mediocrity (with a rich wife for preference) England plays safe rather than gambles on the rare type who would bring inspiration to a bureaucratic task, lifting it out of the commonplace, or, alternately, make the helluva mess. M. Giradoux's appointment is by no means a shot in the dark. A distinguished diplomat, with



Howard Barrett

AT THE KINGSTON HORSE SHOW AND FAIR

Lady Belper (note her stick of rock won in the fun fair), and some of her house party at the good show for which Lord Belper lends his home in the Quorn Saturday country every August Bank Holiday. Next to her hostess is film actress Miss June Duprez, then come Lady Belper's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Tollemache, and Lady Ashbrook. Standing behind are Dr. Beauchamp and Lord Ashbrook. The neighbourhood thought it lots of fun having the leading lady of *The Four Feathers* in their midst! Miss Duprez is now back at work making *The Thief of Baghdad*

two pre-War years at the Quai d'Orsay before four in the fire, he has been head of the Press department, among other routine achievements which one is apt to overlook in the cloud of glory surrounding his literary

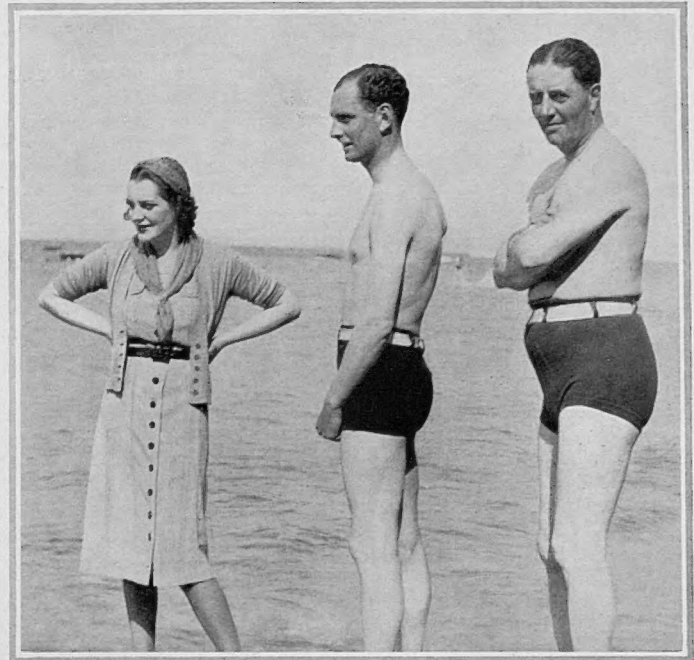
output; *belles-lettres* and latterly plays which, though illuminated with poetry and scholarship, are such good theatre that *Tout Paris* flocks. His plays cannot be digested at one sitting; the rush of ideas is prodigal, clothed in splendid language, threaded with allusions ranging from the classic fields of Greece and Rome to modern problems, and human and inhuman relationships, perennially fascinating. He is the biggest man in the French theatre today, nearly as cerebral as Shaw and corresponding in *carrière* and scholarship with Sir Robert Vansittart, one of whose plays is being done at Malvern, the Shavian festival. "Van" has given less of his gifts to literature than to the F.O. and the *Entente Cordiale*. His literary stature is not comparable with that of M. Giradoux whose output is not comparable, in quantity, with that of M. Guitry, three years his junior. Sacha's hundred and somethingth play of gossamer texture and Gallic wit, will make the most of his dainty little new wife, who has one of Yvonne Printemps's



DEAUVILLE GALA: AT THE AMBASSADEURS

Major and Mrs. Eric Loder dining *à deux*. Major Loder belongs to the large and sporting clan which has the newly-married Sir Giles Loder to head it. His wife comes from Louisiana and was formerly Lady Davis, widow of Sir Mortimer Barnett Davis. They both like Deauville more than somewhat

mannerisms, and none of Jacqueline Delubac's handsome woodenness. Hers is the screen-baby type, with dark glasses on most occasions and platinum lorgnettes at a Deauville gala, very fetching and reminiscent of Lady Jersey, who has gone to America. Madame Guitry plays up to her husband in public, laughs at his jokes, pets and praises him very prettily, thereby chasing the fatigue and disdain from his interesting but unhappy face. Maybe he envisages his muse running out of him; he should take heart from Lope de Vega, who wrote upwards of two thousand "original" dramas, normally taking twenty-four hours to complete a versified play in three acts, interspersed with sonnets, tercets and octaves, "the whole abounding in intrigues, prodigies and interesting situations." Compared with the seventeenth-century Spaniard, even Edgar Wallace was not a particularly fast worker. Most of our hustle is hooley. For instance, with a following wind Sir Francis Drake and ship's company reached the West Indies in under three weeks; the swank banana boats still take twelve to fourteen days. But when Jamaica's pertinacious Trade Commissioner (a member of Clan Donnachaidh) was in London the other day, he saw Lord Essendon on whom no flies linger, and it seems certain that either his lordship's line, or another, will make Montego Bay nine days from Mayfair. The Dutch already reach Jamaica in nine. The Cunard-White Star's first summer tie-up with Nassau, via New York, has been successful, but why they planned a number of cabins without private bathrooms on the new *Mauretania*, beats all who consider their own bath a necessity, especially at C-W's prices. Nassau is not much hotter in summer, but tempers evidently rise, as there has been trouble, according to *The Nassau Daily Tribune*, between the Speaker of the House of Assembly and H.E. Sir Charles Dundas, of the mild manner and correct, simple bearing. But white Bahamians take their cue from *The Nassau Guardian*, a sterling little old-fashioned sheet, owned and edited by an old-fashioned lady, Miss Moseley (her distant kinsman, Sir Oswald, dropped the "e"), who has twice the energy of the Hollywood sob-sister, whose sole equipment consists of S.A. and scissors to cut her rivals' telephone wires. The Sigrists' new Nassau house will have its roof on by next winter (he is just as happy on a boat, fishing) but last season's loveliest yacht, little *Silver Night*, which crossed the Atlantic on its maiden voyage, has been sold, and her intrepid former owner, Captain Duncan Lawrie, will be missed; he has betaken himself to Hollywood, where a Moral Rearmament Congress occupied the largest



H. M. Till

BEMBRIDGE DOINGS AT THE GARLAND CLUB

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Smyly, she being the former Miss Diana Mills, with the Rt. Hon. R. S. Hudson, Parliamentary Secretary for Overseas Trade, and very much in the recent news. Mr. and Mrs. Smyly were married quite recently at St. Margaret's, Westminster

hotel throughout July. Hollywood is a suitable location for this campaign; but Hollywood is not California, and if you want strong meat with a moral about the new West read "Grapes of Wrath," by the American Zola, who wrote "Of Mice and Men." For stark power, Dreiser is no longer in it.

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This year's American invasion makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity; Nassau-host Frazier Jelke is party-giving on the Riviera, and Del Monte's most popular débutante, Katherine Elkins, is cheering her mother, San Francisco's leading decorator, through the cure at Royat before paying visits in England, where Lord Verulam's youngest son, Bruce Grimston, will no doubt *beau* her around, as he stayed some time at the Elkins' charming old Spanish house in Monterey last winter. And Mrs. "Laddie" Sanford, a popular young woman wherever she goes, has arrived with her husband to shoot Glen Prosen jointly with Doris Duke Cromwell and husband. Sir Kay and Lady Muir are back in Scotland from her native Bulgaria, where they

listened with open minds to the other side of the story. All the Rumanians, Poles and Yugo-Slavs they met seemed to think England might "provoke" a war with Germany, but the general opinion was that peace will prevail provided England makes further concessions, on the lines of France's gift of the Sanjak of Alexandretta to Turkey. To whom and with what is left conveniently vague. Bulgaria is most pacific, although she feels somewhat agitated by the tigerish attitudes of her neighbours which have been encouraged, in her eyes, by British cheques and Garters. It's all in the point of view. Varna, the Deauville of the Balkans, is very gay, and the holiday presence of the Prime Minister, M. Kiosséïvanoff, has a soothing effect. The Swiss are even more pacific, with the national exhibition at Zurich, the Spanish pictures at Geneva and the music festival at Lucerne which began with Signor Toscanini followed by Sir Adrian Boult and ends on the 29th. Mr. Roger Morton Frewen (son of Mrs. "Bengy" Guinness who is at Deauville), of the British



Faver

LADY KELBURN

Lord and Lady Glasgow's daughter-in-law, to whom a son and heir was born in London at the end of July. Lord Kelburn is in the Navy, and has recently been on a Specialist Signal Course



MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY, FAMILY (IN PRAM), AND NIECE, ROMAYNE DRURY

A recent picture in our not too sunny park. The view of the recently arrived daughter is somewhat obstructed by the hood of her carriage. Mr. Philip Kindersley is Sir Robert Kindersley's son, and Mrs. Kindersley is a daughter of the Hon. Gerald French

And the World said—*continued*

Legation, Berne, is having young parties for this festival, including ex-débutante Barbara Stern. His party for the Hungarian team after the International Horse Show ended by the loath-to-leaves going up the Burgenstock to see the sunrise. He has let his own *châlet* at Gstaad to a Swiss diplomat whose name—Tino Solati—would make the fortune of a dance-band leader. There are crowds of young English at Interlaken. A distinguished older visitor was Mrs. Norman Grosvenor, Lady Tweedsmuir's mother, who has gone on to Beatenberg above Lake Thun—where the portable pianos come from. The Lord Mayor and Lady Bowater, who went to the Zurich Exhibition and Berne (where Swiss Cavalry in Napoleonic uniforms escorted their carriage), just missed the Interlaken folk-lore evening, an enchanting *fiesta*, with the locals in national costume and a peasant band to which flying Swiss waltzes are danced on the casino terrace, while draught beer is drunk from stone mugs and steaming sausages partaken of with many "*Prosits*," until five in the morning. And the William Tell play which has been seen by over fifteen hundred every Sunday is growing in renown. The prettiest visitor to Berne is the German Minister's niece, Diana Wagner-Freynsheim, the belle of Kitzbühel these three winters. Another attractive diplomatic appendage, Miss Peggy Lane, daughter of the American Minister to Belgrade, is going to Venice where Donna Virginia Agnelli, daughter of the late Principessa di San Faustino, *reine* of the Lido, has taken the Palazzo Spinelli on the Grand Canal. Her brother Don Ranieri Bourbon del Monte, Principe di San Faustino, was recently married at the "Will" Rhinelander Stewart's house in New York to Italian-born Mrs. Macey whose mother was an American, like his mother the legendary "Princess Jane," whose *memoirs*, particularly the bits about Dr. Axel Munthe, made such good *siesta* reading in *Town and Country*. They should follow in book form.

Another legendary American figure, Lady Mendl, has gone to Capri (where Gracie Fields is recuperating), to stay with Mrs. "Moana" Harrison-Williams, the American professional beauty. The best figure at Biarritz is Lady Veronica Hornby's; the handsomest man Graf Court Haugwitz-Reventlow, but since Mr. Drogo Montagu arrived, there has been a divergence of opinion among the girls, of whom Peggy Hamilton is the most stunning. The Sonny's Bar crowd gazes upon her admiringly. "Chatto" Elizaga's bride of last year is much *en beauté* and Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes Labrousse has never looked better or as happy. The Biarritz wit, little "Willie" Bleck, whose nephew is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks's brother-in-law, escorts a magnificent Viking standing six-foot-two in her golf socks. There are no theatrical celebrities except the ever-lovely Julia James (Madame Dolfus), but Sir Charles Oppenheim is giving the girls a time. Deauville teems with theatre people circling the Albert de Courvilles' tent, including Mr. Lee Shubert, who is a greater character than Mr. Sam Goldwyn, include me out, boys, if I am wrong. When in Deauville he signed up Corinne Luchaire, the thirty per cent Sioux Indian French film girl, who lunched several times with Lord Stanley of Alderley, seen another day with Mrs. "Jo" Forrestal, vigorous American socialite who gets around. R. B. Strassburger, to whom the same applies, has been too busy entertaining the James H. Farleys to walk *les Planches*. Mr. Farley is the next President of the U.S.A., according to R. B. S., and to Miss Beth Leary, another determined supporter. Republicans think otherwise. Mr. Shubert also signed up Richard Ainley, Jr., that glorious young actor, for a show

opposite "Connie" Bennett, in New York. The following are present at Deauville as I write: Lord Newborough (red dressing-gown); Lady Newborough (red hair); Mrs. Julie Thompson (velvet peach in buttonhole); the Henry Fairhursts (villa); the Wideners; Mr. Peter Beatty; Captain Malcolm Bullock, Lord Derby's son-in-law (seen at the races of which more when the season ripens); and the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de la Rozière, over from Cabourg. It is said that her American mother, Mrs. Walter Russell, will marry a titled Frenchman, well suited as to age. She has a villa on the Riviera. For a commentary from that coast I switch you to A. N. Other.

The sun does shine at Eden Roc, where at high noon there is not a square inch on which to park a sun mat and where all the "usuals"—some still white, some golden brown and others

"nigger"—are to be found in their favourite nooks and crannies, which some can claim as "squatters' rights." Glamour is added by Marlene Dietrich who descends from the Hotel du Cap escorted by daughter Maria and husband. Marlene's beach *ensembles* are inexhaustible and enviable, particularly the white-skirted bathing dress which has a knee-length coat to match—the whole trimmed with a red and blue scalloped edging. Disguised as a carefree holiday-maker in outsize dark glasses and light-weight golf jacket is Eric von Sternberg, and it is strongly rumoured that he and *La Dietrich* will make a film in France shortly. Why not? Mrs. Quintin Gilbey has taken a villa at Cannes, while her husband races at Deauville, and her house guest is Madame Jean Chaudoir, who still does her hair on top. She was Señorita Elvira de La Fuente, daughter of the Chilean Minister in Paris. The Robert Van den Berghs have deserted their Swiss villa for one in the sun and have with them their two young sons, one of whom is an expert in the pool, and Norma Shearer may have arrived by the time you read this. At Monte Carlo all was gala-gala for three consecutive nights, the middle one seeing the National Sporting Club boxing tournament at the new Prince Louis II Stadium. Organized by Lord Queensberry with the assistance of Mr. John Harding of the London National Sporting Club, this was the first big boxing event in the Principality since 1913, when the one and only Carpentier (now busy at his



THE HON. MARGARET LANE-FOX
AND CAPTAIN CHARLES PACKE

Lord and Lady Bingley's youngest daughter about to do audience to her cricket-playing fiancée at Forthill, Broughty Ferry, where Lord Carnegie's XI opened its annual tour of Angus last week. Captain Charles Packe, Royal Fusiliers, is the elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Packe, of Great Glen Hall, in Leicestershire, and, like his future wife, an ardent foxhunter. All Yorkshire will be there when they are married at Bramham on September 30

Deauville bar) beat "Jim" Sullivan. Every one was agog until the Duke and Duchess of Windsor stepped from their shiny black Buick, with the "Fruity" Metcalfes, to take their arm-chair ringside seats with Lord and Lady Queensberry, the latter just back from New York. The Duchess's simple white dress was offset by a horizontally-striped coloured sequin coatee. Others who saw Kane beat Louis included Lord and Lady Hindlip (they shared a rug as the night was chilly); M. Jacques Wittouck the recently appointed Belgian Minister to Monaco, accompanied by his young daughter; Thelma, Lady Furness who wore a black and gold star-spangled dress and sat with Lord Dudley; Grace Moore with Elsa Maxwell, who is planning parties at Cannes and the Lido with her usual *entrain*; and racing-motorist "Nicky" Embericos with his wife, whose shimmering high-necked, long-sleeved black dress offset her blonde beauty.

Vichy also enjoyed its Grand Prix weekend where the *pari-mutuel* turnover was about 3,000,000 francs. Watching the two-year-olds run, or at the golf club, were Mr. Redmond McGrath, Mr. "Lucky" Dewar, Mrs. Charles Sweeny's parents, General Ducamp, very much *incognito* (he is M. Daladier's right-hand man), Hadj Tham El Glaoni whom every one prefers to call the Sultan of Marakesch, and Gaby Morlay who was awarded the *Legion d'honneur* last week

A POLO WEDDING AND AN IRISH HUNT BALL



MR. PHILIP PROFUMO AND
LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN LAKIN.
(L. AND R.) GUESTS AT THEIR
WEDDING



CAPTAIN AND MRS. BOBBY JENKINSON
ARRIVE ON THE SCENE



AT THE EAST GALWAY HUNT BALL: CAPTAIN CYRIL
HARTY, MRS. GRANT MASON AND MRS. "JOCK" WHITNEY



MISS MARION MATHIESON, M.F.H.
AND MR. J. A. B. TRENCH

Mr. John Lakin's wedding to the Hon. Daphne Pearson at Chelsea Old Church was in very truth a polo one, for the bridegroom was reserve for our 1939 international polo team, and the bride (as well as two of her sisters, Mrs. Gurdon and Mrs. Murray) was in the Highfield ladies' polo team in the recent championship contest. There was this further: Lord Cowdray, who gave his sister away, was the non-playing captain of our international side and is also a good practitioner at the game himself. Fox-hunting likewise came into it, as Mr. John Lakin is an ex-joint-Master of the Warwickshire, and in the left-hand top picture is Lady Willoughby de Broke, wife of another ex-Master of the Warwickshire. The county was otherwise also very strongly represented. The East Galway held their Hunt Ball during Dublin Horse Show week at the Gresham, and so were assured of a full house. Captain Harty is a member of the famous Eire Equitation School, and one of the ladies, Mrs. "Jock" Whitney, wife of the owner of that well-known Grand National celebrity Easter Hero. Mrs. Grant Mason is another charming American. Mr. J. A. B. Trench, ex-Master of the East Galway, is with a sister-Master, the young "joint" of the Ormond whose country lies in Tipperary and the lower half of King's County



PHYLLIS MONKMAN, VERY WELCOME BACK IN "YOUNG MAN'S FANCY"

This new film comedy from the Ealing Studios has its *première* at the Leicester Square Theatre on August 24. It is set in the gay period of the 1870's, and promises to recapture much of the attractive atmosphere of those exciting times

mendous scene in which the young and exquisite Esther Gobseck is at last left alone with the grotesque and sixty-six-year-old Baron Nucingen. Now that I come to think of it, that sentence is a gross misstatement of the facts. Actually Nucingen is alone with Esther; but she, poor girl, is alone with her memories. Balzac must describe what follows. The baron fell to his knees. Esther made no sign beyond giving him her hands, though she did not, as it were, know the sex of the monster who, pretending that her feet were cold, began to chafe them. This scene, in which from time to time burning tears fell on the head of the baron while he was industriously undertaking to restore warmth to those little feet, lasted from midnight until two o'clock in the morning. Presently Esther managed to make good her escape, and the baron was left to spend the remainder of the night on a comfortless sofa, only to be aroused shortly after sunrise by the officers of the law coming to arrest Esther for debt. The door of Esther's room opened, and in the doorway stood this unwilling courtesan, whose beauty, says Balzac, would have confounded the angel Raphael. In through the street door proceeded to roll a spate of human mud, advancing "not upon feet but paws." Then, apparently from nowhere, appeared the villainous procuress who rejoiced in the name of Europe. She put a stop to the activities of the creditor with a *coup de savate*. But the flood was only momentarily checked, and Esther would have been bundled off to prison had it not been for the baron, who proceeded piteously to write a cheque for the trifling sum of 312,000 francs and some odd centimes.

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Up-to-date Balzac

Twentieth Century-Fox will doubtless be surprised to learn that their brilliant farce at the New Gallery, *A Girl Must Live*, harks straight back to Balzac. The model is that famous novel entitled "Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes," and that section of it whose title translated into English is "The Price Old Men Pay for Love." This has a tre-

Even so, his abortive evening was not yet entirely paid for. Turning to his men, all of whom squinted abominably, and some of whom lacked a nose, the bailiff-in-chief grinning from ear to ear, proceeded to haggle with the baron about the gratuity which should content his assistants. "How much," he said brutally, "for this scum?" The core of the scene is, of course, tragic; if it can be called comic, it is comic in the manner of today's great French painter, Rouault, and of our old English painter, Hogarth. Only a French film could, I think, do this scene justice. And presumably this is not the spirit in which the makers of *A Girl Must Live* have approached the same theme.

The English film lowers the subject into the key of buffoonery, with the important justification that the buffoonery throughout is unendingly witty. The Nucingen on this occasion is Mr. George Robey, a wealthy furrier who is induced to back a musical comedy, the inducement being that he shall have a say in the choice of the chorus girls with all the rewards and emoluments attaching to so onerous and responsible a task! And at once he gets into the clutches of Miss Renée Houston and Miss Lilli Palmer, who put up a battle in comparison

with which a duel between hornets would be stingless. Whether lady hornets have stings is a matter for the entomologist, and as such beneath the consideration of a film critic! And then, suddenly, and to him quite inexplicably, Mr. Robey finds himself dropped. Why? Because an earl, forthrightly played by Mr. Hugh Sinclair, has hove into view from Australia, where he has been bushranging. It is Renée who first spots the earl, and between Southampton and Waterloo she succeeds in digging her claws into him. Renée's success rouses Lilli to battle which she proceeds to wage with both words and crockery. The scene in the bedroom, where every available missile is dispatched with unerring aim, has not been bettered, and perhaps not equalled, since the first custard pie was thrown. But the all-in verbal wrestling is even better. Renée is mistress of the affront direct and absolute, whereas Lilli proceeds by subtlety. For when Mr. Robey tells Lilli that he hopes Renée will be able to keep her appointment for supper, Lilli says with angelic sweetness: "She will, of course, dear! Provided she can get away from her boy friend!" And when Renée boasts to Lilli that the earl cannot take his eyes off her, Lilli replies: "You should realize, dear, that he hasn't seen any woman, white or black, for eleven years!" But there is also a third chorus girl, Miss Margaret Lockwood, who is in reality a far worse gold-digger than the other two, for the reason that she pretends not to care for money, and who therefore wins the earl by dint of moping. The picture is further enlivened by a richly comic performance of a landlady,

by Miss Mary Clare, and a gorgeous presentation of a restless maid by Miss Kathleen Harrison. It is still further enlivened by a drinking scene between Mr. Naunton Wayne, as an unabashed and unabashable crook, and Mr. David Burns as a not-too-straight film producer who is doing his level best to coax the earl to back a picture in which he is interested. I have not for a very long time seen anything more delicious than the look on Mr. Burns's face when he says to Mr. Wayne: "D'you know, I don't think that that guy *wants* to lose his money!" There are some remarkable shots of the earl's ancestral castle, in which apparently there are twenty-four spare bedrooms ready, at a moment's notice, to accommodate twenty-four ladies of the chorus. And the mistress of this

(Continued on page viii)



ANNA LEE AND SIR SEYMOUR HICKS CUT A VICTORIAN CAPER

Another scene from *Young Man's Fancy*. This film, produced by Michael Balcon, was both written and directed by Robert Stevenson, the talented British director. The very distinguished cast also includes the late Morton Selten, Felix Aylmer, Martita Hunt and Billy (Almost a Gentleman) Bennett. Sir Seymour Hicks's presence in any cast is a tremendous asset

WELL-KNOWN AT DUBLIN'S GREAT SHOW



MISS ROZANNE UPTON AND
MRS. BASKERVILLE UPTON



MISS PATRICIA WINNINGTON AND
MR. AND THE HON. MRS. DEREK ALLHUSEN



MR. AND MRS. L. J. LIVINGSTONE-
LEARMONTH



THE HON. DESMOND PRITTIE
AND LADY VIOLET VERNON



MRS. EUSTACE-DUCKETT AND
LADY RATHDONNELL



MR. DENIS FITZ GERALD AND
THE HON. PATSY DIXON

Photos: Poole, Dublin

All these pictures were taken on the opening day of the world's best horse show. They had all the sun that has deserted England and in spite of the local recorder saying that the English visitors were fewer than usual the camera seems to have managed to catch a few. All three pictures at the top, for instance! Little Miss Upton, seen with mother, goes with the North Warwickshire and had a ride at Dublin. Mr. Derek Allhusen who married Lord and Lady Rushcliffe's younger daughter is 9th Lancers, as his father, Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Allhusen, was before him, and Mr. Livingstone-Learmonth, new joint-Master of the Duhallow, hails from our side of the water. Mr. Desmond Prittie is R.B., as was Lord Dunalley, his father, before him—well-remembered by riflemen as Henry Prittie—and the charming lady he is with is Lord and Lady Cromer's younger daughter. Mr. Prittie is serving under the Colonial Office in Uganda and is home on leave. Lord Rathdonnell's charming wife is with the daughter of Mrs. Hall, the famous Master of the Carlow and Mr. O. H. Eustace-Duckett is the hon. secretary to that hunt. Lastly Mr. Denis Fitz Gerald, Irish Guards, a first cousin of the Marquis of Kildare, is with the daughter of the newly-created Irish peer, Lord Glentoran, the former Captain Herbert Dixon, erstwhile member for Belfast East



AT DEAUVILLE RACES: THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND THE HON. CHARLES WOOD, M.F.H.

His Grace and also the Duchess of Norfolk are well-known owners, and Mr. Charles Wood is one of our youngest M.F.H.'s, and succeeded his father, Lord Halifax, last year as joint-Master of the Middleton with Lord Grimthorpe

WITH Goodwood over the "silly season" is in full swing. In past years papers used to fill their newsless columns with stories of giant gooseberries, sea serpents, Loch Ness Monsters and even Hitler's annexations and world crises. For the last month the antics of Mr. Gordon Roll have supplied a long-felt want, and it is to be hoped that half a dozen of his suite of reporters have been sent with him to America by their respective newspapers to report his progress in that country. In the meanwhile I am able to set the minds of half the civilized world at rest by stating that he does not intend to sell all his horses and that his present intention is to teach card-playing strangers on the boat and "crap shooters" in America a sharp lesson followed possibly by a trip to China to teach the inhabitants fan tan. Now let's all drop the subject for a few weeks and turn for the moment to the, to me, equally droll doings of a society of which I read the other day. This is an organization of railway fans! people who *like* railways, and even go so far as to stage dinner parties in restaurant cars on trains! Would you believe it! And yet I had an Uncle George once removed by marriage and twice by the strong arm squad of the lunacy commissioners merely because he refused all nourishment except racecourse lunches. It was a hard and hungry life for him in the jumping season, and I think it was after asking a party of business men to lunch with him at Much Wenlock that he was finally incarcerated in a charming home, where the considerate managers arranged an exclusive diet for him of khaki

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

coloured salmon and "Maids of Honour" which had remained untouched from Lincoln to Manchester. He was amalgamated with no society or union and paid the penalty of eccentricity.

Nevertheless, is he not far better off and more balanced than those of us who stood on the top of the downs on Friday and Saturday in drenching rain at Lewes holding soggy discredited form books in our hands? On a fine day there is no nicer meeting, but on a bad day the management have the dice badly loaded against them. The roads up to the course became congested, the car parks impracticable, and a charming day's racing spoiled. Derby has ever been an enigma to me. Once a fashionable exclusive and crowded meeting, now its attendances in the more expensive enclosures are very thin. True, on Bank Holiday it has Sandown and Ripon to contend with, but both are far away. The course is admirable, the stands really good, and hospitality unbounded. Those in the know enter a horse at Derby merely for the sake of the Baroness Burton's Roman Pie, and to see "Bill" Power auction a selling plater. Persuasive to a degree, he often persuades himself a hundred or so ahead of the game, but someone in the end bids it not to disappoint him, and the executive and second profit thereby. The plea that Derby is so far away is not true, for even from Newmarket horses go there and back in the day, and though the London railway "specials" are slower than the "ordinaries," by air the journey is nothing.

It is a pity, as another racing correspondent points out, that there is not better racing on the average during the holiday season. The fare provided during August is hardly likely to attract vast crowds and convert dilettantes into fans, but there it is, the horses have to have an easy spell at some time and so, incidentally, do their connexions. It was during the last week that what is always described as an "old-fashioned gamble" was staged and brought off. Eleven to four the horse opened at with no takers. Three to one being also received in silence, the ring began to think it was "no good," and quickly knocked it out to five to one. It was at this juncture that a gentleman on the stand removed his hat to mop his brow, whereupon with a cry of "H'i'll 'ave it orf of yer, 'Arry," a man who had been unostentatiously lurking behind each bookmaker leapt in and took all he could get at the proffered odds. The horse won, too, which so seldom seems to happen when any one takes all this trouble and goes "banco."

What with holiday trippers, Irishmen on the run and buyers going over to the sales and show, the Dublin boats were crowded out at the beginning of the week.

The sales there are perfectly conducted, and with their comprehensive catalogues are a model. Horses stand in boxes, the numbers of which correspond with their catalogue numbers, and the box numbers run in numerical order. Any one who has not attended sales elsewhere would imagine this to be elementary, but apparently it isn't.

The Irishman gives one a much better show with his animal, too. Regardless of the crowd or the even money chance of someone getting knocked over or a kick in the slats, he lets a screech out of himself and runs his wild mustang through them like a hot knife through butter to show his paces.

It is very noticeable what much better bone on the average is grown by Irish yearlings than by their English confrères, and it is a pity that more good horses don't stand over there. Steps have been taken about it and the class of yearlings should improve.

It is a great pleasure to see Bruce Hobbs back in the saddle again, completely recovered from his accident. There is no better trainer than his father, Reggie, and the combination of the two should again register many successes.



POOLE, DUBLIN
LADY MAHON AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

One of the many smart wearers of smart clothes at Dublin's great equine carnival. Lady Mahon is the wife of Sir George Mahon, of Castlegar, Co. Galway

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LE TOUQUET GALA:
AT THE HERMITAGE



MR. AND THE HON. MRS.
JOHN LYCETT WILLS



CAPTAIN CLAUD MAWBY WITH HIS THREE LOVELY
DAUGHTERS, MISS ANGELA, MISS CLAUDINE AND
MISS CLAUDETTE MAWBY, AND (LEFT) THE HON.
DEREK WINN LINED UP FOR THE CAMERA



MRS. ALAN PALMER
AND LORD GRAVES



MR. AND MRS. HUGH DE ROUGEMONT
AND MR. CARMEN MESSMORE



LT.-COLONEL SIR CHARLES AND LADY WRIGHT



COLONEL HUGH CAMPBELL
AND HIS CANADIAN WIFE

Galas are seasonable at Le Touquet these nights, with the social influx—for polo, golf, and a general good time—in full spate. One such cheerful occasion at the Hermitage had Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Lycett Wills, amongst popular young couples in support. Mrs. Wills is one of Queen Elizabeth's nine nieces, being a daughter of her Majesty's eldest sister, Lady Elphinstone. Her Life Guards husband is a nephew of Sir Ernest Wills, racehorse owner. Captain Claud Mawby's trio of daughters, Angela, Claudine and Claudette (the last-named are twins), reward the eye wherever they go, and Le Touquet is pleased to meet them. They spent some time in Hollywood, but are still delightfully unspoilt. Captain Mawby's Hermitage party also included Lord St. Oswalds younger son, the Hon. Derek Winn. Lord Graves ("Tommy" to so many), was in his usual magnificent form. The Hugh de Rougemonts were also obviously enjoying themselves. Mr. Carmen Messmore, seen with them, is the head of Knoedler's, in New York. Lt.-Colonel Sir Charles Wright, Chairman of Baldwin's, and a former High Sheriff of Glamorgan, used to be in the Royal Regiment. Colonel Hugh Campbell, who married Canadian Miss Lilian Coles *en seconde nocces*, is Honorary Colonel, Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment (T.A.)

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

there urgently. It is a most friendly book; and by friendly I mean that you never once feel as if you were on a formally conducted tour full of an impersonal enthusiasm.

"Australian Journey" is a very personal kind of book, but, in the beginning, what will strike most readers who are not avid of history is the long, long story which Australia possesses before British settlers, mostly convicts, began to open up this huge, varied and wonderful land. Moreover, the modern Australian has developed a character of his own—a character which can be recognised as easily as an American or an Englishman outside England. Mr. McGuire writes: "The Australian is not really a frank person, though he has candour, especially that sort of candour which can call somebody else's spade a bloody shovel. He presents as hard a shell to the world, not quite as tough, perhaps, as a New York taxi-driver's, but with inner coils of resistance. His eyes narrow to a stranger. He has ineffable depths of kindness when he is touched, but he is not touched by facile sentiments. He does not open his heart to a casual world, and he suspects those who do. He has the reserve with which Englishmen are credited, although I have never known any place like an English public-house for open confessions.

"When the Australian is a talker he talks loud and long: when he feels an occasion apt for oratory he fills with sound the whole reaches of time. . . . There is a legend of two Australian prospectors. . . . They had worked alone together for ten years in the desert, fossicking for gold. One morning Prospector A cast his eyes to the sky: 'Nice day,' he said. Three weeks later Prospector B rolled his swag and took up his billycan and broke his camp. 'Goin'?' said Prospector A. 'Yeh,' said Prospector B. 'Why?' B chewed his cud: 'There's too much ruddy conversation round this place.' One has a good deal of Australia in that."

Elsewhere in the book one has vivid descriptions of the beauty and cheerfulness of Sydney—with its King's Cross district, complete with Chelsea atmosphere; its trek, every available free hour, down to the sea; its air of really being a metropolis, and its brilliant sunshine throughout the year. Melbourne, more sedate and self-conscious, much more aware of its growing importance and rather fearful lest that importance be not recognised. And all those other towns—Adelaide, Canberra and Brisbane. And with these descriptions of seemingly delightful places the ever-present problem of Australia's future which has already to be faced and faced squarely. First of all, the problem of the white man's presence in a country to which he is rightly not indigenous. Then, more important still, the problem of his future hold on that country, which has so many thousands of miles of uninhabited land and which, according to present facts, will never be inhabited by white men.

"If the population of Great Britain is, as the statisticians expect, to fall to four millions by A.D. 2035, Britain's part in the eastern world will have been played out long before that date. An empire cannot be maintained without men; and in Britain sufficient men are not being born. That, with her own declining birth-rate, is Australia's major problem, and she shows no signs of reaching an answer. She shows few signs, indeed, of understanding the question. Yet history and statistics suggest that those who are now children in Australia may be the last generation of white Australians. It is true that factors outside the immediate view will play

a part in shaping the future, and that history is always springing its surprises. But Australia should not gamble on the chances of history."

This, then, is Australia's most pressing problem. A problem shared by all white races. So that it would seem, indeed, as if eventually the whole of the white "civilisation" will be destroyed by its own scientific discoveries of self-destruction—and contraceptives. (How the more ironical gods must be roaring with laughter—in between spitting their contempt!) Probably one of the causes lies in the seemingly inevitable drift to the cities among the population.

In Australia, in 1933-

employed in agriculture. 190,000. And yet, resort, humanity food is its first "Australian are, so to tive picture

34, there were 211,000 men em-

In 1935-36 there were fewer than in the first as well as the last must live by the land, since essential. However, in this interesting

"Australian Journey" the problems of Australia speak, only the background to a descrip- of Australian life which is most attractive to read. The ominous shadow of an ominous future hangs over Australia as it hangs over Western Europe, and that shadow is death. But, to quote the author: "Above [all things now, one hopes for Australia a renewal of that spirit in which our fathers shaped it and begot

their sons . . . and one thinks of the lean brown men and the strong women who belong to that country and to no other; and then one hopes, above all things, for life—their life, not death."

Thoughts from "Australian Journey."

"History is not tolerant of the old ostrich trick."

"Australia's bias towards governmental aids is weakening him; and, however necessary governmental aids have been and may still be, they should

always be applied only when they are necessary, and certainly not when their effect is to weaken the fibre of the people."

"The artist is usually an artist because he prefers being an artist to anything else. He is doing his own job in his own way."

"Half our distresses and unrest arise because the mass of men no longer possess intellectual and moral responsibility for their work. What can a man make of his work if he spends all his days adding up columns of other people's profits and losses?"

Another Wheatley Jig-Saw.

In "Herewith the Clues" (Hutchinson; 3s. 6d.), Mr. Dennis Wheatley and Mr. J. G. Links follow successfully once again their already popular formula in presenting their readers with an excellent murder mystery, complete with a whole bunch of actual clues, a series of readers' mark sheets, and a sealed portion at the end which should not be opened until those same readers have tried to solve the mystery for themselves. In this instance, however, a number of real people have posed for the illustrations, and though this may not matter very much, it should add to the book's—if one can call it a book—certain popularity.

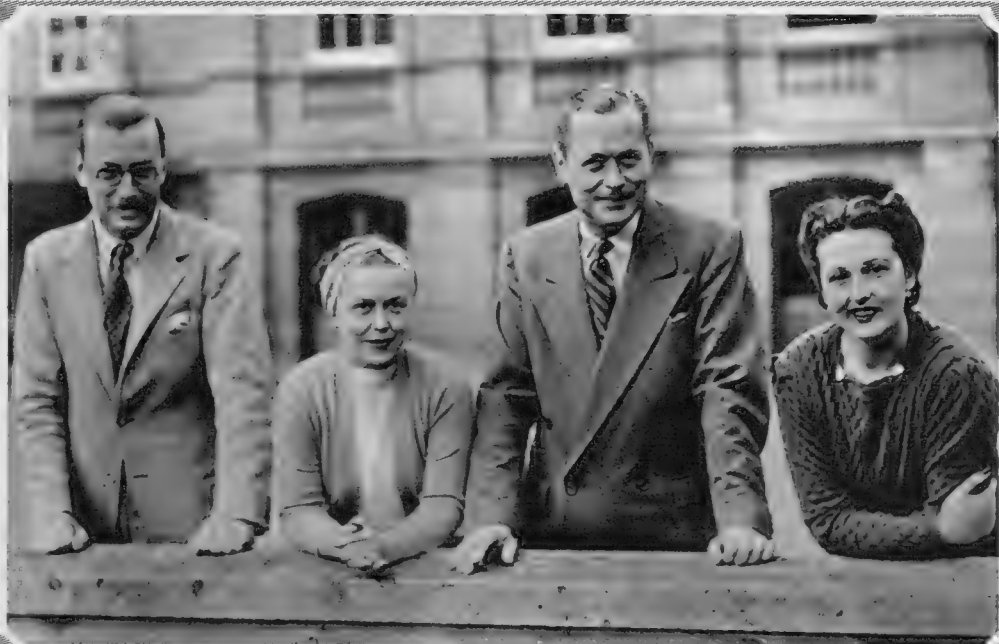


"'T ain't th' scrambled eggs for breakfast 'e's complaining about, Sir. Says 'e never comes anywhere in the scramble"

AT THE BLENHEIM FÊTE—AND ELSEWHERE



LORD BLANDFORD SELLS THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH SOME GASPERS



A WEEK-END PARTY AT NUNEHAM PARK: LORD AND LADY HARCOURT AND (CENTRE) MR. AND MRS. ROBERT MONTGOMERY



AT BLENHEIM: THE HON. HENRY PARKER, COL. H. NORRIS, COL. G. BARNETT AND LORD WYFOLD (CHAIRMAN)



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH



MR. STANFORD HOLME AND LADY CAROLINE PAGET (IN "TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL")

In spite of the spiteful behaviour of the unmannerly weather god, the annual fête of the Banbury Division Conservative Association was what the theatrical people might call a riot. It had a grand setting for its operations, Blenheim, and, in addition to such other joys as fêtes usually provide, there was an oration by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and a performance of James Bridie's *Tobias and the Angel* by the O.U.D.S. It must be at once stated that this recital of the adventures of Tobias had no reference whatever to anything that fell from the lips of Sir John Simon. Lord and Lady Anglesey's eldest daughter, who acts under the name of Caroline Bayly, played Sara, the daughter of the opulent Jew in the story. Mr. Stanford Holme produced the play. The Duchess of Marlborough opened the fête, and was supported by Lord Wyfold, the Chairman of the Conservative Association. Lord and Lady Harcourt, as will be observed, had a distinguished star and his pretty wife as week-end guests at Nuneham. One of Robert Montgomery's newest is *Fast and Loose*

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST



UP NORTH BERWICK WAY!

Captain and Mrs. C. Harford on the fairway of the famous links. Captain Harford is in the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, and his wife is a niece of Lady Aldenham, who is a daughter of the late Rev. T. W. Houldsworth who was Vicar of St. Andrew's, Wells Street

ONE would have thought that the ingenuity of man regarding the invention of new golf tournaments would at last have been exhausted; but no, here is yet another—and highly amusing it may turn out to be. The credit goes to Air Vice-Marshal N. D. K. MacEwen, the present captain of the Ashridge Club. The idea, he tells me, is to run a kind of Halford Hewitt tournament for the professions. Instead of teams of Old Boys from public schools, there will be teams from the Army, Navy and Air Force, teams of lawyers, doctors, the Church, the Stock Exchange (the last two would make a nice final), artists, schoolmasters, bankers, and, maybe, even the Press. The competition is to be knock-out foursomes, like the Halford Hewitt, only six a side, and will probably be played at Ashridge in May. It will all be played, of course, from scratch, though it has been suggested that the Stock Exchange should be handicapped in some way to counteract the fact that they find time to play more golf than the others during the week. I hope the tournament will "catch on"; the whole idea seems excellent fun.

The Brighton *News Chronicle* tournament will be in full swing when this appears. It is the last of the big medal competitions, and the result will have a considerable influence on the minds of the Ryder Cup selectors, whose task I don't envy. It is many, many years since I played on the East Brighton course, and I remember it only as typical Downland golf. They have lengthened it recently, I believe, but, even so, the professionals were in the habit of murdering it in this competition until last year, when a gale blew the winning score up to 300. In the previous year, a score of 280, or four 70's, finished twelfth!



Photos: Balmain

SOME MORE EARLY ARRIVALS AT NORTH BERWICK

Miss Sharman Coats (left), a daughter of Mr. G. S. Coats, and Miss Evelyn and Mr. G. S. Coats, daughter and son of Mr. P. H. Coats, of the famous Paisley family

The professional averages for the season make interesting reading. They are taken from the results of the Open, the Irish Open, the *Daily Mail* and Silver King tournaments, excluding qualifying rounds, and the leaders, with events they missed in parentheses, are: R. Burton (Irish), 73.08; Reginald Whitcombe, 73.18; Henry Cotton (Irish), 73.25; Sam King (Irish), 73.33; Alfred Padgham (Open and Irish), 73.7; Don Curtis (Open and Irish), 73.75; and Bert Gadd (*Daily Mail* and last day in Open), 73.9.

The average score of the winners of these events has been 72.12. Now make a guess at the average score for twenty-fifth place. About 78 or 80? Not a bit of it—75.75. It only shows how slender is the margin between greatness and obscurity.

The Harry Vardon Memorial Trophy for the first two years of its existence has been awarded to the professional with the best average in certain nominated events. The first winner was Charles Whitcombe; the present holder is Cotton. This year, however, a new experiment is being tried—and from the way things are turning out, I imagine it will be abandoned after this season. They now work it that each man scores a number of points equal to the position in which he finishes in each event. That is, if he wins he scores one; if he is runner-up, he scores two; and so on. The winner, of course, is the man with the lowest total. But if a man fails to enter for a tournament, he is automatically given 26 points. The reason for this peculiar innovation was that a man who took four 74's in the Irish Open and missed the Brighton tournament, was worse off—barring freak weather at Brighton—than the man who took four 72's at Brighton and missed the Irish Open—whereas the first man had probably played the better golf.

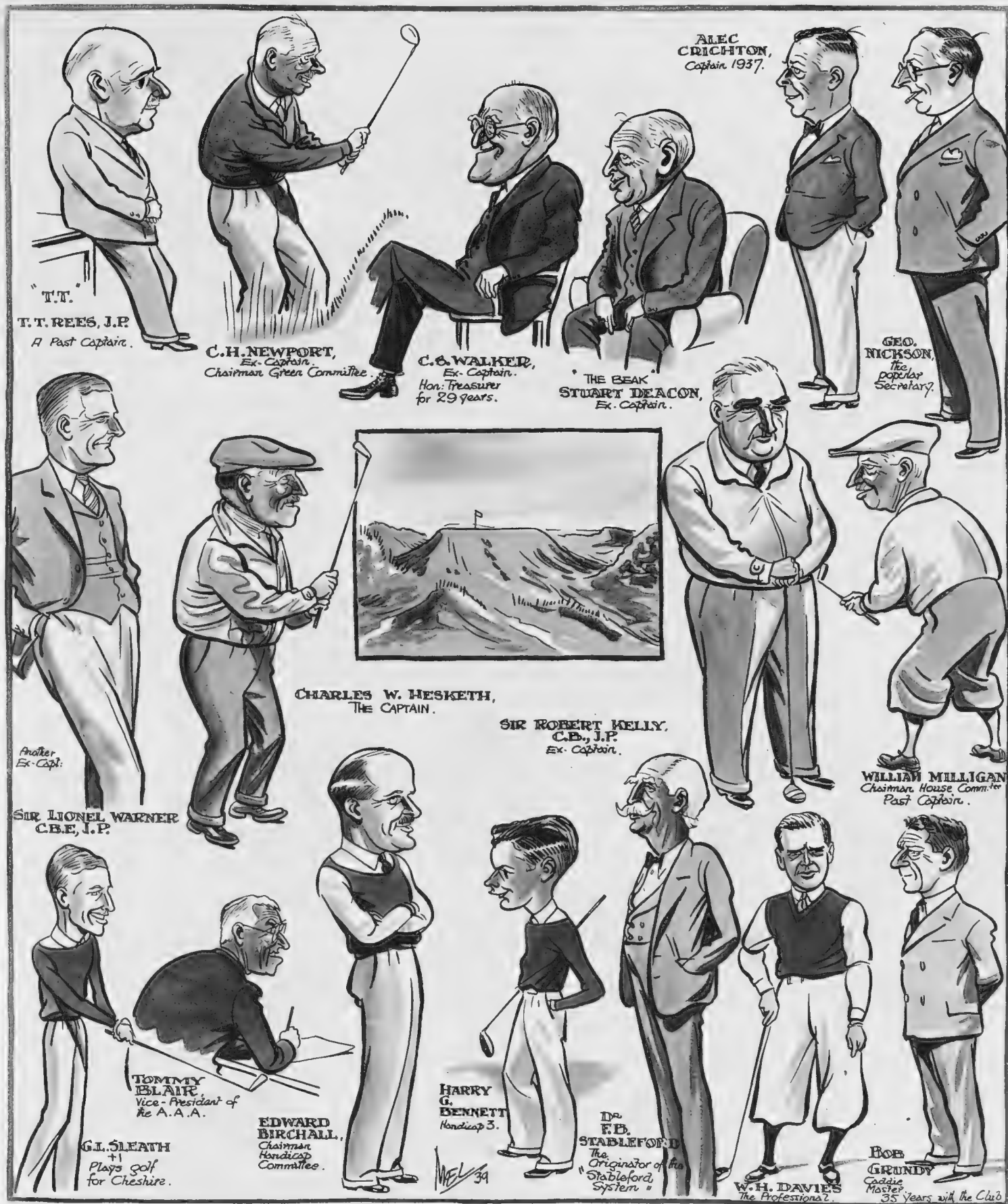
Cotton, for instance, missed Brighton two years ago, but would have won the trophy if he had played there and had finished within twelve strokes of the winner!

As things go at the moment, R. Whitcombe is the only one of the leaders who has played in all the tournaments, and though he has not won one of them, his position is almost un-

challengeable. His total of points is 18. Behind him come Burton, 38; Adams, 42; King, 45; C. Ward, 51; and Cotton, 52. Whitcombe has only to play at Brighton and finish in the first twenty to win the Vardon Trophy.

In the end, the P.G.A. will probably come round to the same way of thinking as their American counterparts, and institute a *positive* system of points scoring. In the United States, where the results of something like forty events are eligible to count, they award 100 points to the winner of the Open, and 60 to the runner-up. For all other tournaments the winner gets 60 points, and the rest follow on at, I think, five-point intervals. Thus, if you don't play in any given event, you don't lose anything; on the other hand, you don't gain anything—which seems as fair a way as one could devise. At any rate, it must be superior to the present method, where failure to participate in a single tournament, however good the reason, automatically rules out a man's chances of winning one of the most honoured prizes the profession has to offer.

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



WALLASEY GOLF CLUB—By "MEL"

The Wallasey Golf Club, Wallasey, Cheshire, was formed in 1891, and is not only beautifully situated amongst sandhills overlooking Liverpool Bay, but is a grand test of golf. Qualifying rounds for the Championships have been played over this course, which, owing to all the rain which has fallen in the district recently, is in wonderful condition and playing as well as it possibly could. Within the next eighteen months the course will have been altered and lengthened, as new seaside holes are being made and some of the others are being eliminated. The reconstructed course will be an improvement upon the present one, which is saying a great deal, for it is one of the best in the district already, in spite of the fact that several famous courses are its near neighbours

NEXT WEEK: BOGNOR REGIS G.C.

THE BLACK WATCH
PARTY AT PERTH



MR. POLLOK-McCALL (A HOST)
AND MISS MATHIESON



LORD AND LADY MANSFIELD



MR. AND MRS. ALASDAIR MACGREGOR

The C.-in-C., Scottish Command, General Sir Charles Grant, came from Edinburgh to tower over the proceedings at Doo'cot Park. Another very tall guest was Mr. Alasdair MacGregor of Cardney. Lord Breadalbane and Lord Mansfield were backing opposite sides, for the former used to command the 8th Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland and the latter served in the 6th/7th Black Watch for a time. Major-General Victor Fortune, prime quipmaker, who umpired the match in hawk-eyed fashion, is G.O.C. the famous 51st Division, T.A. Sir Harry Hope, of Kinnettles, D.L. and Vice-Lieut. for Angus, was a Scottish M.P. for nineteen years. Lady Munro is the wife of Sir Torquil Munro, fifth Baronet

GENERAL SIR CHARLES GRANT (LEFT)
AND LORD AND LADY BREADALBANE

These photographs illustrate an annually popular event, the cricket match with garden-party fittings staged at Doo'cot Park, Perth, by officers of the Black Watch Depôt. As usual, Black Watch opponents in the bat-and-ball battle were Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders from Stirling Castle, but we cannot pass on the result as it was not signalled. Mr. R. G. Pollok-McCall, who played for the home team, is in the 2nd Battalion, which has been having a dose of Palestine



MRS. HUGHES-ONSLOW AND LADY MUNRO
OF LINDERTIS ALL SET FOR WATCHING



MR. A. MOON AND MAJOR-GENERAL VICTOR
FORTUNE HAVE A CRACK



MISS HOPE AND SIR HARRY HOPE



Speaight, New Bond Street

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, V.A., G.B.E.

The most recent portrait of the sister-in-law of H.M. Queen Mary who, with her husband, has ever been one of the most popular members of the Royal House. Canada, South Africa, India, all know the Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone well, for he was Governor-General of the two Dominions, and they have both visited India. The autumn tour which is set out is mainly concerned with Wales. They arrived in Denbighshire on Wednesday, August 9, and stayed for two days with Colonel Robert Williams-Wynne, M.F.H. (Flint and Denbigh), Lord-Lieutenant of the county, at Plas-yn-Cefn, St. Asaph, and during their stay visited the Eisteddfod at Denbigh. After that, Princess Alice and Lord Athlone went on to Mostyn Hall, the Flintshire seat of Lord Mostyn, the Lord-Lieutenant of that county. The last port of call of Lord Athlone and Princess Alice was Llandudno, where, on August 12, they opened a new wing of the Llandudno Hospital, and after that it was Scotland

THAT OTHER EDEN: THE ROC



LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN
AND MISS BARBARA DUNN



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT VAN DEN BERGH
AND SEVEN-YEAR-OLD SON JAMES



MR. "BILL" BRACKEN AND HIS WIFE
(NOTE HER NEW SAND CLOGS)



MR. HERBERT GURSCHNER
AND MRS. WOOLLEY-HART



HONEYMOONERS: MR. DONALD CAMERON,
YOUNGER, OF LOCHIEL, AND HIS BRIDE



MRS. "QUINNIE" GILBEY WAS OVER
FROM HER VILLA AT CANNES

Keeping up with the march of time our punctual camera shifts to Cap d'Antibes, where, as in many other parts of fair and friendly France, there are more English than ever, for reasons obvious even to a *dumm kopf*. Colour-splashed Eden Roc shows mostly flowered beach suits this year. The one worn by Lord and Lady Carisbrooke's only daughter was not as brief as many, but perhaps more becoming than most. Mrs. Woolley-Hart was down for a luncheon date from her farm near Grasse. With her is the Tirolean-born but now naturalised British artist, Herbert Gurschner, who has "The Annunciation" in the Tate Gallery. The young Donald Camerons of Lochiel (he is the eldest son of the twenty-fifth Chief of Clan Cameron, and she was Miss Margaret Gathorne-Hardy) came back from their honeymoon soon after being snapshotted, and he took part in the King's Camp held near Balmoral this year. Mrs. "Quinnie" Gilbey joins her husband at Deauville presently. The Robert Van Den Berghs, whose young son got a medal for learning to swim in the pool in three days, have taken a villa at Eden Roc for the season

AT DEAUVILLE: THE RACING SEASON OPENS



THE MARQUIS DE GANAY AND
H.H. THE BEGUM AGA KHAN



LADY MARY DUNN AND LADY
DUFFERIN AND AVA



MISS GHISLAINE DRESSELHUYS
AND LORD VAUGHAN



SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD AND
MAJOR AND MRS. DELMÉ-RADCLIFFE



SIR GEORGE CLERK AND THE WELL-
KNOWN MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL, M. ALBERT



MR. KINGSLEY MACOMBER AND
MRS. DUDLEY GILROY

Herewith the latest despatches from Deauville, where the season has opened in the usual lively fashion. The Begum Aga Khan does not go racing a great deal, but the Deauville meetings, where her husband's famous colours are often seen, appeal to her. Both the Marquis de Ganay and Mr. Kingsley Macomber are pillars of the French turf, and Mr. Macomber is very much part of the Deauville set-up, as his lovely place is only a few miles out. Exceedingly smart Mrs. Dudley Gilroy, whose husband manages this leading American owner's stable, comes from Philadelphia. Lady Mary Dunn, who was going around with Lady Dufferin, was herself in America not long ago and bought her amusing shoes there. Miss Dresselhuys, Lord Kemsley's débutante stepdaughter, had come ashore with Lord Lisburne's son from her stepfather's yacht. With Sir George Clerk, who earned the title of the perfect *Milord Anglais* when Ambassador to France, is the presiding genius of *Ciro's* at Deauville, and *Maxim's*, *Bagatelle*, and the *Ambassadeurs* in Paris. Both went racing for fun and not to bet. Major and Mrs. Ralph Delmé-Radcliffe, seen with a distinguished member of the Jockey Club, live at Hitchin Priory; their Deauville visit was limited to one day

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By REGINALD ARKELL



Band Waggon at the Palladium

YEARS ago, we found ourselves, by some mischance, at the annual

dinner of the Bigglestone Cycling Club. It was great fun—for everybody but us—all boys and girls together. We talked about very little and laughed at less. You addressed your neighbour as "chum," and he explained that "the wife" was no longer a member of the Club because her big end was getting too big for the saddle. Laugh! We nearly died!

"What has all this to do with 'Band Waggon'?" you ask. Well, chums, we made the ghastly mistake of going to the Palladium without having listened-in to "Band Waggon" on the air. You see, chums, we hadn't quite got the party spirit, and the more "matey" things became, the more we sat back in our stall and pondered on the happy night we had spent with the Bigglestone Cycling Club.

Mind you, chums, we have nothing against these Band Waggoners as individuals. Syd Walker is a dear old comedian of the fruity order who suggests that he has been carried into the upper ether almost against his will. From being a homely Roman candle or a humble Catherine wheel, he has been suddenly rocketed to the skies to become a star of the first magnitude. Mr. Walker is too old a bird to be caught on any sort of chaff, and you feel that Mr. Walker wants to know why it has happened, how long it will last, and what it is all about, anyhow? Meanwhile, Mr. Walker goes on handing out platitudes with the extreme unction of his class, and being, in fact, his own excellent self.

"Big-Hearted" Arthur Askey is not so happy in this brave new world in which he finds himself. We remember Mr. Askey before he was so "big-hearted" as he has recently become. We met him with the "Fol-de-Rols" at Hastings, and we liked him very much. That simple seaside setting suited his simple talents and our simple tastes. One felt him to be master of his fate, captain of his soul and all that sort of thing. His little songs about moths and butterflies were as good as they could be. But "Big-Hearted" Arthur Askey at the Palladium is a different kettle of fish. A very different kettle of fish. Oh, very different! We look forward to the time when all the tumult and the shouting will have died down, and this attractive little man will be back in the setting to which he rightly belongs. The Palladium is no place for an artist of his delicate talent.

Then, chums, there is "Stinker" Murdoch. "Stinker" Murdoch! What are we coming to?

"Big-hearted" ARTHUR ASKEY &
RICHARD "stinker" MURDOCH.

AN ENLARGED
VERSION OF THE
FAMOUS RADIO

MARION BELLET
and the
ENGLISH
BROTHERS.

SUCCESS, "BAND WAGGON," HAS BEEN
STAGED AT THE PALLADIUM, WHERE
BROADCASTING FANS ARE FLOCKING TO
SEE THEIR FAVOURITES IN THE FLESH

Freddie
Schweitzer



Dicky Murdoch has the misfortune to be a West End artist who seemed most strangely out of place in this ridiculous farrago—until the time came for him to step down into the stalls and dance the "Booms-a-Daisy" with a lady in the front row. What an ordeal, you might suppose. But, no! Mr. Murdoch rose triumphant above the slings and arrows of his most outrageous surroundings and earned the gratitude of one embarrassed member of that strangely unsophisticated audience. When Mr. Murdoch—no longer "Stinker"—is happily back in a Cochran revue, his "Booms-a-Daisy" will remain a fragrant memory. The triumph of mind over—no matter!

There remains Tommy Trinder. We don't want to shock you, chums, but Tommy Trinder left us so cold that we came out of the theatre a mass of frost-bites. It is estimated that, in these islands, are 43,248,321 habitual non-playgoers. They have no artistic standards—how should they? They have no theatrical traditions—how could they? They are the virgin soil in which modern mushroom reputations are made. Dear us, how serious we are getting.

Tommy Trinder has the playful habit of "telling off" his audience on their return from the bars. There is nothing new about this. Pelissier did it. Davy Burnaby did it. But these were fat and genial men, who could get away with murder. We have known people creep out so that they might return and be insulted all over again. Tommy Trinder should wait until he is a little fatter, a little more genial, and a little more practised in the arts of the West End stage before he deals in this sort of dynamite.

You may begin to imagine, chums, that we didn't enjoy what a critical colleague has described as "a thoroughly matey evening." We have no doubt that the radio version of "Band Waggon" was a triumph, a riot and a wow. Viewed from our personal, misanthropic angle, the stage version at the Palladium is none of these things.

Sorry, chums, to have missed the point of such a matey evening. Next time this sort of thing happens, we'll go prepared, so that we, too, can form one of the happy family. We, too, will cheer like anything when comedians pretend to lift colossal weights, produce ladies' underwear from behind screens, or crack the dear old jokes our fathers knew. Mind you, chums, it won't be easy to laugh our heads off at such simple stuff, but we'll do our best—we will, indeed.

Finally, a glance at the artist's sketches will show that certain hitch-hikers have found seats upon the band-waggon, and, of these, Jack "Can he do this?" Durant provides what is easily the best turn in the show. Cheerio, chums! We thank you!



Priscilla in Paris

Written from the
Farm-on-the-
Island.

TR È S
C H E R,
Many years
ago the
High School brats
of my generation
were required to
memorise—for
recitation with
appropriate ges-
tures—a poem
entitled "*Je n'ai
jamais vu Carcas-
sonne.*" So far
as I remember,
this pathotic
lay was all about
an old man who
was never able to
satisfy his longing
to visit this
famous mediæval
city. Maybe he
was lucky. He
kept his illusions.
Beauty spots, un-
less they are
visited under
particularly
favourable cir-
cumstances, are
usually spoiled by
the postcard mer-
chants, souvenir
vendors, self-
styled guides,

This happened at the charity fête held, at Juan les Pins, for *la Goutte de Lait*. M. de Basilewski, who used to have a wonderful private zoo just outside Nice, where he now runs the Bazizoo Skye kennels, gave one of his pups to be auctioned. Miss Dietrich went up to 10,000 francs, but it finally became the Marquise de Wilt's property for 17,000. I go South because I must, and since the must-ness would not interest you (being concerned with a spot of trouble with some property down there and a tax-collector), I will not expatiate. I would far rather head the Mercury wings of my *démodé* bonnet towards the North. Nothing to do with the Twelfth, of course, but merely because I resemble the old man of the Carcassonne poem in the matter of a great desire to see a certain little town in Scotland, which Jessie M. King has endeared to me by her book of exquisite drawings and no less delightful letterpress. "Kirkcudbright, a Royal Burgh," is a place to dream of, and I dream, most especially, I think, of the Green Gate House which once belonged to "William McWhinnie, who had been a merchant in Leghorn."

I quote from Jessie King's charming description: "He purchased it in 1795 and planted a circle of espalier apple trees at the foot of his garden. This circle still exists. A tribute to his love of beauty and, perhaps, a memory of that Italian garden in the Riasoli at Leghorn." I also long to see the old Tolbooth Prison where Elspeth MacEwen, "the last witch to be burned in Scotland, was imprisoned!" Paul Jones, founder of the American Navy, was a prisoner there also, "and many other victims of the turbulent times in which they lived." Now, on the southern side of what was once so grim a place, "there are the Town gardens where many washings may be seen fluttering in the wind and sunshine." And, Très Cher, can you imagine anything more attractive than this description of the High Street, which is "L-shaped. The portion towards the East, Cannon Wall's Gate, gives access to a wooded slope, called the Bar Hill Walk, through woods called the Nine Stiles." Some day I shall pawn my shirt and go to Kirkcudbright, and it won't be any cheap week-end return, either!

I hear from Paris that there is a new, as yet un-advertised, delightful place for dining and supping in the open air. Le Jardin de Montmartre is to be found in the green fastnesses of the famous old Moulin de la Galette at the top of one of the steepest streets of "the Mount." From the terrace at the foot of the windmill there is a marvellous view all over Paris. At dusk, when the lights begin to glimmer in the mist that rises from the city and the sky shows its pageantry of crimson and gold, even the most hard-boiled philanderer goes all soft and sentimental and lets his cocktail grow warm while He holds Her hand. There are two good dance floors—one outside and t'other in! The orchestra is good. The food... Paris at its best and, at time o' writing, the entertainment is first-class, since they have Roseray, Gaston and Tony in their new serio-comic dance number, which made such a hit at Nuit de Longchamp and the Boulogne Casino last month. Things like this make me almost sorry not to be in Paris. PRISCILLA.



SIMONE SIMON AND CANINE

This famous French film actress is taking a well-earned holiday on the French Riviera and is staying at Eden Roc. Her large public will always remember her for her wonderful acting in what is perhaps the best film France has ever sent us, *La Bête Humaine*

cheap restaurants, *char-à-banc* parties, and all the other elements that now go to make happy *vacances payées*! Even this little Island, *sans* golf, *sans* racing, *sans* Casino, and therefore *sans* gambling, as it is, gets its invasion of tourists—popular day excursions, from the Continent, arranged to suit all purses—when August comes and tides are favourable. Well, July was divine and September (D.V.) will be heavenly, and meanwhile we will knock a few more hundred, or even thousand, kilometres out of "Miss Chrysler 1924" and go bumbling around the winding, climbing roads of *le Massif Central* (apparently so little known to G.B. cars), *en route* for the South, where I do *not* propose to stay, though friends write begging me to "Come on in; the water's fine!"

One of these invitations I read to the dawg, for it also contained the information that Marlene Dietrich had nearly bought one of his grandchildren.



OLIVEN

An English lovely, or one of "Les Girls," who are appearing at the Folies Bergère in the new revue, *Madams La Folie*, which, from all accounts, appears to be doing very well and drawing full houses; but then, has this famous music-hall ever failed to put on anything but a good show? Paris pretends to be in the theatrical doldrums—but never is

Harcourt

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR AND THEIR HOUSE IN PARIS



THE HOUSE IN THE BOULEVARD SUCHET



THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR AT THE LOUIS-SEIZE WRITING-DESK

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS LEAVING
BY THE BOULEVARD SUCHET GATE

The attractive abode which the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have leased for two years is quite modern but quite beautiful, and was built in the Louis-Seize style in 1929, very sizeable with 20 bedrooms! It faces on to the Boulevard Suchet and a little street called "Square des Ecrivains Combattants Morts Pour La France." The escritoire at which the Duchess is seen is a genuine Louis-Seize cashier's desk, and the money used to be paid through the centre piece. The fox fur which her Grace is wearing in another picture is her famous platinum one, of which there are only eighteen in the world. As to the family of Cairns, Detto is a recent casualty — a taxi broke his leg!

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR WITH DETTO, PRISIE
AND POOKIE "CAIRNS"

A RECENT MEETING

Looking Back at Great Yarmouth



THE KING'S TRAINER, MR. W. JARVIS,
TALKS TO MRS. WALTER ROBINSON



LORD AND LADY SOMERLEYTON
SERIOUS AND IN A HURRY



THE HON. JOHN COVENTRY AND
PHYLLIS LADY SOMERLEYTON



MR. S. NEVILE AND MRS. NEVILE
RETURNING TO THE STAND



THE HON. MARY CROSSLEY AND HER
AUNT, THE HON. MRS. CROSSLEY



MR. MILES MARRIOTT AND
MISS DIANA TRAFFORD

Racing at Great Yarmouth before the Bank holiday week-end was not such a wet business as seemed likely, and a bigish crowd attended on both days, but winners were hard to come by and only three favourites did their duty. The King's trainer, Mr. W. Jarvis, had nothing going, but brothers Basil and Jack were in the money, the former bringing off a treble on the first day. Lord and Lady Somerleyton's sizeable and largely family party from Somerleyton Hall, included their thirteen-year-old daughter, Mary, their sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Crossley, and Lord Somerleyton's mother, Phyllis Lady Somerleyton, who now lives in Berkeley Street. The Hon. John Coventry, over from Pirton Court in Worcestershire, is Lord Coventry's only brother



Golden Moments — with
WILLS' GOLD FLAKE—THE MAN'S CIGARETTE
THAT WOMEN LIKE



ÇA C'EST DEAUVILLE! A

Drawn by TON



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION

TONY WYSARD

"Twelfth" Night



There's that matter of the morning drive to thrash out; there are good cigars to be smoked; and there is Johnnie Walker in the glasses. Now there's a whisky for you! Blended, as the Laird can tell you—and will, on the slightest provocation—from all the finest whiskies in Scotland. Each whisky marvellously mellowed and matured. And the blending done with Johnnie Walker's consummate mastery and skill.

Gentlemen!
your **Johnnie Walker**—



STARRING IN TWO NEW COWARD PLAYS



LEONORA CORBETT, TO PLAY OPPOSITE NOEL COWARD IN "THIS HAPPY BREED" AND IN "SWEET SORROW"

Leonora Corbett has left the cast of *Under Your Hat*, the very successful Hulbert-Courtneidge show which has been running at the Palace Theatre since Christmas, in order to start rehearsals to-day (August 16) in Noel Coward's autumn productions. In *This Happy Breed* she and Noel Coward will be seen as a middle-class couple living in Clapham, while in *Sweet Sorrow* she will play the part of a glamour girl, for all that that kind of lovely is worth, and if she does it in the beautiful gown seen in the picture, she has already scored a success. The plays will be produced at the Phoenix Theatre, on alternate nights in October, opening on the 16th and 17th after a provincial run at Manchester September 18), with Glasgow and Edinburgh to follow

Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street





A RECENT ENGAGEMENT: MISS PATRICIA HAMBRO AND MR. JACK WOODROFFE

This is the first picture since the announcement of their engagement and was taken at Merly House, Wimborne, Miss Hambro's father's house in Dorset. Captain Angus Hambro has been the Member for the North Dorset Division since 1937. Like all the rest of the family, Captain Hambro was at Eton. Mr. Woodroffe is the only son of Brig.-General C. R. ("Dick") Woodroffe, of North Wells, Bembridge, a very well-known member of the famous sailing club and also of the R.Y.S.

nicely balanced partnership. As *Dead Heat* displays, Sir Robert Vansittart has a keen sense of humour. He must always have had it to survive all that he has survived, especially the Curzon period. Some other people saw the humour of that also, but never dared so much as to hint at it! In another period it would, I feel, have been a bit perilous to joke with Akbar the Great! However, I was not born in Akbar's time, so I do not know for sure!

* * *

The history of Denham Place, where Sir Robert Vansittart lives, is very intriguing, and starts in the days of Ulstan the Thane, who "gifted" it to his relative, Edward the Confessor, to endow the new Abbey at Westminster. Domesday Book valued it at £7, "a rich manor," and later it was rented for £15 a year. Probably owing to legal trickery the Manor passed in 1292 to Edward I., the owner, John de Bohun, getting a tap on the head from the hammer of the Scots. Lady Joan de Bohun fought for the return of the Manor for forty-five years into Edward III.'s time, but failed, for Edward I. had given Denham back to the Abbey to form a charity to pray for the soul of Queen Eleanor. After they had prayed, 140 poor people received a silver penny each week. Henry VIII. sold Denham to Sir Edmund Peckham, and during the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was a centre of Catholic hopes. After consulting lawyers, the Queen resurrected an old debt, and the last of the Peckhams is heard of trying to borrow money from Sir Robert Cecil. The Bowyer family owned it next, holding the estate throughout the Civil War and helping Charles II. to escape and win his throne. Finally they were outlawed. Sir Roger Hill, a rich City merchant, bought the old home of the Peckhams, pulled down the house, where Campion and other Jesuits were supposed to have hidden, and built the present Denham Place at a cost of £5591 16s. 9d. That was 250 years ago, and the house still stands as sturdily as the day it was built. In the village of Denham there is an inn which still carries the sign of the de Bohuns, keeping fresh the name of the owner of nearly 700 years ago.

This is all most interesting historically, but has nothing actually to do with Sir Robert Vansittart's fine capacity for authorship!



Walker

AT THE SCOTTISH SUMMER KEEP-FIT SCHOOL

Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton and Lord and Lady David Douglas-Hamilton at Gordon Castle, of which Lord David is the Warden and Lady David the hostess. All three in the picture, like the rest of the family, are keep-fit experts—especially one of them, Lady David Douglas-Hamilton, for she is the former Miss Prunella Stack

THE production of Sir Robert Vansittart's play, *Dead Heat*, at Malvern—an occurrence referred to in another page in this issue—reminds me of the fact that it is said that when the "Kitchener" film is made the Chief Diplomatic Adviser has been co-opted as one of the joint authors of the script. The other author is Sir George Arthur, who was "K's" private secretary for years. Sir Robert Vansittart was Lord Curzon's principal private secretary at the Foreign Office, so we have a very

far. A. H. is busy on "Nurse Cavell," with Anna Neagle in the name-part, at the moment. "Kitchener," I understand, is to be his next, but as War Office co-operation is obviously necessary, and for obvious reasons is not available at the moment, things are hung up. There are naturally things in the story which have got to be left out. A love-interest would be demanded by the customary producer. Only a few people know that there was one. Another distinguished soldier



MR. AND MRS. CLARE O'RORKE AT EDEN ROC, CAP D'ANTIBES

In some genuine Riviera sunshine that is apt to make everyone in the British Isles envious, for we have had and still have, some fine fungus-growing weather which shows no abatement. Mrs. O'Rourke is the former Miss Sheila ("Tunie") Karri Davies

Pictures in the Fire

By
"SABRETACHE"

THE interest which the projected "Kitchener" film has evoked is not, so I gather, inconsiderable, and I am sure that it is quite justified—for it is sure an intriguing theme. The one thing which I am certain must be avoided is to let it be done by anyone but an English producer. Alfred Hitchcock is to be the man when the time is ripe, which it has not been so

won where Kitchener failed. But it would be unseemly to introduce the incident. "K" was very well liked, in spite of his sometimes Draconian methods. He was what you and I call a good chap, and he was only down on the slacker and the incompetent. He did not suffer fools gladly, because he was very far from being a fool himself. That was why some fools did not like him. The Cardinals Wiseman did, because they knew when they encountered him that they were not wasting their time talking to a fool. "K" had the sense of what we call the *aura* very highly developed. He could see clean through most people before they had even opened their mouths. Of course, in this matter, Sir George Arthur will be able to hold the concoctors of the film far straighter than most people. Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood also knows, for he was on his staff for years: so do many others.

It is not divulged at the moment what angle the authors of this film propose to adopt, but if "K's" first charger, Democrat, is to be brought into it, there is a chance for a very interesting historical allusion. Most of the Great Captains have preferred to ride thoroughbred horses, and



AT THE CHRISTENING OF LORD AND LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE'S SON

A group taken outside St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, where the ceremony was conducted by the Archbishop of Tuam, the Most Rev. Thomas P. Gilmartin. The baby received the names Garech Domnagh. The other children in the picture include, on extreme left, Miss Tessa Kindersley, and on the right, Master Gay Kindersley, and Lord Oranmore's children by his first marriage, the Hon. Dominick, the Hon. Martin, the Hon. Patricia, the Hon. Brigid, and the Hon. Judith Browne

Lord Kitchener was no exception, though I do not think he was ever very fond of Democrat. I speak merely from a personal impression. This horse was quite often a bit above himself at that time, and I much enjoyed seeing the gay impertinence taken out of him by Lord Lonsdale, during the time the great fox-hunter was a guest of the Viceroy and was out in India on a tiger-shoot. Democrat was a big chestnut unsexed one by Sensation out of Equality, and, as chestnut horses were Lord Lonsdale's special "pidgin," I am sure that he enjoyed taking the edge off this steed more upon that account. Napoleon's Marengo was a grey Arab and, they say, descended from either the Darley Arabian or the Godolphin Barb. Copenhagen, Wellington's first charger, is supposed to have been clean-bred: Lord Cardigan's Ronald (Charge of the Light Brigade) was clean-bred and Lord Haig's and Lord Byng's chargers (Great War) are both said to have been so. I have not got the pedigrees, but some people may have—if so, kindly lighten my darkness. In that attractive and very instructive book, "The Racehorse in Training," by William and Alfred Day, the following passage occurs concerning Democrat, and it may be useful to the makers of the Kitchener film:

"When Lord Kitchener asked Mr. Richard Marsh, his Majesty's late trainer, at the Welbeck Horse Show, whether he could find him a thoroughbred to carry him as a charger, what was it which prompted him but the desire better to direct his operations in the field from the back of a fleet courser? Mr. Marsh informed me he at once offered him Democrat as a present, and, in his own words, 'I was delighted when he kindly accepted him.' Mr. Marsh added: 'His lordship took him to India and rode him in the Durbar, the year, I think, his Majesty King George V. was present.'

"Democrat was a chestnut gelding by Sensation from Equality, and was a great racehorse, having won the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, a five-thousand-pound race at Sandown Park, the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates at Newmarket, etc. When cantering over the field, a thought of these achievements and the power of reserved strength under him, a pleasing pride must have simmered in the breast of the man the Empire came to look upon as 'the rock of its last hope.' It may be recalled that only one man could ride that buck-jumping steed, Bucephalus—Alexander!

A good motto for the moment: "Trust is a good dog but Holdfast is a better!" In another place this was rendered with equal truth by a man named Shakespeare. He said: "Trust none; for oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer cakes, and Holdfast is the only dog." We have every reason to bear these wise words in mind.



ASK THE ARMY WHAT IT THINKS OF HIM

General Sir Edmund Ironside, Inspector-General of Overseas Forces, former Governor of "Gib," and the man who ran that troublesome Archangel show so well, is freely cited as the officer who may be selected as our Generalissimo in the event of war. A gunner by trade, a first-class fighting man, a very scholarly soldier, and a great linguist—what a good choice that will be!



THE BARONESS GOLDSCHMIDT ROTHSCHILD AND HER DAUGHTER

The Baroness, who has a house in Paris and a very beautiful property in the South of France, has, with her daughter, just been spending a week-end with Lord and Lady Tredegar at Tredegar Park, in Monmouthshire. The paper the Baroness is reading proved an irresistible attraction to the photographer



LESLIE HENSON—THE UNPERTURBED
LION-HUNTER

Even the Prophet Daniel, history's greatest lion-tamer, could not have been fuller of sang-froid than the famous comedian. The "props" were kindly lent by Lloyd Ellis, a famous old hunter, the proprietor of the Orange Grove Hotel, Jo'burg, where Leslie Henson and Co. were dwelling at the moment. Leslie is doing great business with his Gaiety successes, *Going Greek*, *Seeing Stars*, *Swing Along*, and *Running Riot*, in which he has Richard Hearn, a colleague in all of them, Ivy Tresmand and most of the Gaiety company to assist him. They will be back towards the end of the year

THE housemaid was applying for a situation, and on being interviewed by the agent was asked if she had any preference in the kind of family she would like to work for.

"Any kind," she said, "except highbrows. I worked for a pair of them once, and never again. Him and her was quarrelling all the time, and it kept me running back and forward from the keyhole to the dictionary till I was worn to a frazzle."

A very absent-minded professor went into a barber's shop and sat down in a chair next to a woman who was having her hair trimmed.

"Haircut, please," ordered the professor.

"Yes, sir," said the barber. "But if you want a haircut I'm afraid you'll have to remove your hat first."

The professor hurriedly took off his hat.

"I'm so sorry," he apologised, as he looked round. "I didn't realise there was a lady present!"

THE taxicab passenger, arriving at his destination, paid the exact fare, but did not tip the driver.

"You forgot something," said the driver.

"What?" asked the passenger.

"Your bagpipes!" retorted the driver.

A gipsy fortune-teller dashed into a police station. He charged up to the desk-sergeant.

"Help me," he cried. "My wife has run away. You must help me to find her!"

The sergeant eyed the gipsy.

"Why don't you study the cards and see where she is hiding," he replied. "You're a fortune-teller, aren't you?"

The gipsy wrung his hands.

"Yes," he howled, "but who's gonna pay me?"



LESLIE WAITS
FOR HIS LION



RICHARD HEARNE AND LESLIE HENSON OPEN FIRE ON THE
CHARGING BEASTS

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE manufacturers of a patent medicine recently received a letter from a grateful woman.

"Four weeks ago," she wrote, "I was so run down and weak that I could not even spank the baby. After taking three bottles of your tonic I am able to thrash my husband, in addition to my other housework. Thank you!"

THE captain of a sailing vessel was questioning a new hand regarding his knowledge of ships and the sea. After repeatedly receiving wrong answers, in exasperation he asked: "Hang it all, man, tell me this: where's the mizzen mast?"

"I don't know," replied the aspiring seaman. "How long has it been mizzen?"

THE small son of the house came home from Sunday-school with the distressing news that he had lost the penny given him for the collection.

"But that is three Sundays running you have lost your penny," his mother objected.

"Well, I must win sooner or later," replied the small boy, cheerily.

Jones was the local athletic champion, and he had been boasting about his talents. His audience was bored stiff. Presently one of the visitors to the local inn chipped in.

"I'll bet you," he said, "ten bob that I can wheel something in a wheelbarrow from this gate to that gate over there, and you can't wheel it back."

Jones looked him over. He was not a very hefty-looking man. He thought of bags of cement and bricks, and concluded that whatever the stranger could do he could do better.

"Done," he said.

The other smiled, and, with a couple of witnesses, they went out. A wheelbarrow was borrowed, and the stranger rubbed his hands and picked up the handles.

"Hop in, old man," he said.



TWO WOMEN TALK OVER "THE WOMEN"
ANITA LOOS AND NORMA SHEARER



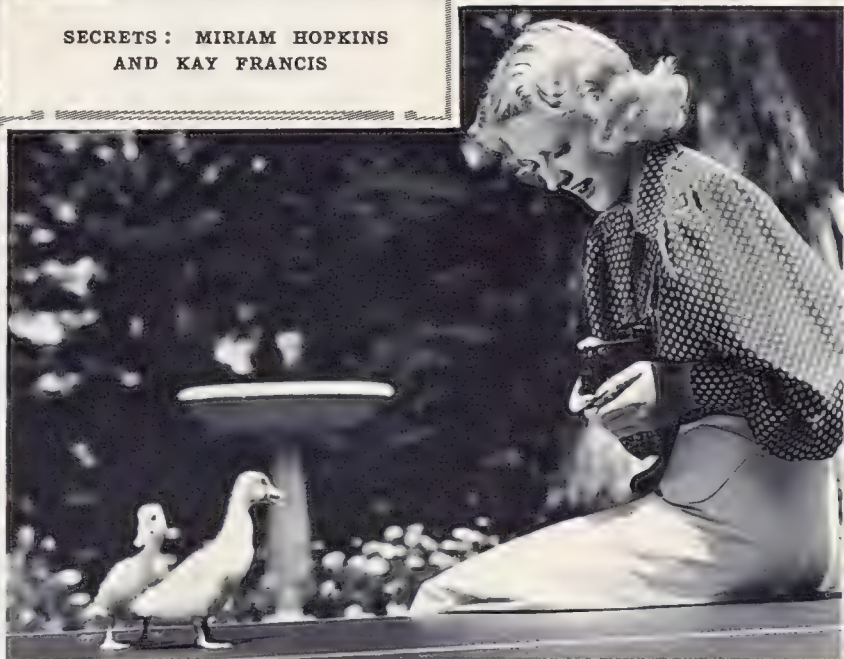
BASIL RATHBONE GOES IN OFF THE DEEP END

A page of some very busy people! The authoress of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* seen with Norma Shearer, who is the leading light in the film version of Clare Boothe's amusing play, *The Women*, is said to have written a good deal of the lively dialogue. It would be one right into Anita's hands. Miriam Hopkins now busy on *The Old Maid* and *Her Sister*, and Kay Francis, who gave us a wonderful performance in *King of the Underworld*, were at Hollywood's Trocadero. Basil Rathbone has just been showing us Sherlock Holmes in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, and Ilona Massey is opposite lead to Nelson Eddy, of the superb voice, in *Balalaika*. Errol Flynn (seen with Lili Damita) will next come to us in *Elizabeth and Essex* which is in the making

A FILM PLAY BILL



SECRETS: MIRIAM HOPKINS
AND KAY FRANCIS



ILONA MASSEY WHO IS IN "BALALAIKA"
(BELOW) LILI DAMITA AND ERROL FLYNN



LAWN TENNIS : By GODFREY WINN



TENNIS TOURNAMENT
AT EATON HALL

Among those who took part in the recent mixed tournament at the Duke of Westminster's vast mansion were Miss Mary Pole-Carew (holding racquet), who partnered Mr. Godfrey Winn (centre), writer of this article, and, on right, Lord Scarbrough's only daughter, Lady Serena James

day when tennis stars will actually be invited to pay their own passage across the Hellespont? The very idea of such an innovation shivers my bones, but the fact remains once more that it is said that Mr. Shaffi, Davis Cup reserve this year, was approached the other day by certain officials and promised that if he would find his own way to Forest Hills the L.T.A. would be only too delighted to put the seal on his recent progress by nominating him as one of Great Britain's representatives, always provided that he found his own way on to court. A teeny bit mealy-mouthed, wouldn't you say? I can't help feeling rather sympathetic towards Mr. Shaffi that he should have *proudly* turned the offer down. After all, there are certain perfectly legitimate "perks" that go with prowess at lawn tennis: they are the equivalent of star-billing and the star dressing-room on the stage. And the first of those "perks," I should have said, would be a first-class cabin on the *Normandie* (which, personally, I like much the best of all the boats I have ever crossed the Atlantic in), for though I have on many occasions attacked "shamateurism" on this page, and can hardly wait till I do it again, once more the fact remains that if you are considered good enough to represent your country at some sport, surely nothing is good enough for you in regard to accommodation *en route*. I am sure that the tourist class on the *Queen Mary* would be considered the height of luxury, say, in Hitchin or Putney, but that is not the point: it is a principle that is at stake. And as Anita Loos' famous heroine should have said, and probably thought, on countless occasions, meanness soon becomes an inherent vice if a man is allowed to practise it for any length of time. After all, even if the L.T.A. are woefully down on their Wimbledon receipts, for which they have only themselves to blame, they still have a reserve fund tucked away of over £50,000. And I need hardly remind you that that tidy little sum was accumulated

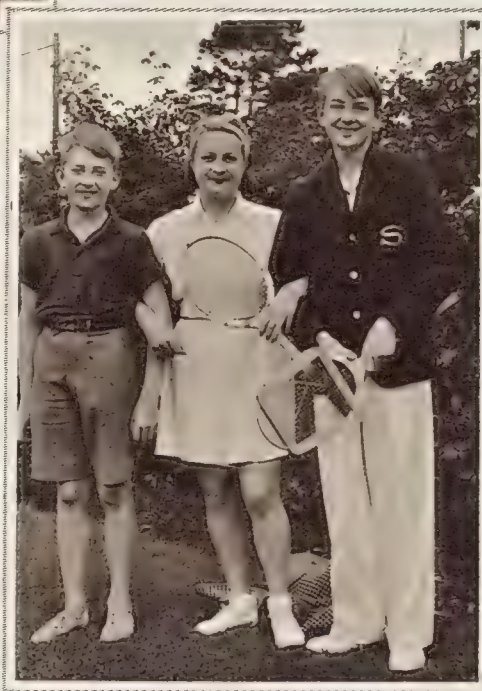
NOTHING gives me more embarrassment than that finance should rear its ugly head upon these pages devoted to Sport, but the fact remains: the fact must be recorded that our Wightman Cup team, poor little dears, have had to travel to America tourist class on the *Queen Mary*. Is this a precedent? Is this the beginning of the end? Will we soon see the

purely—yes, purely—from the exhibitions that our star players in the past have, so to speak, all in the name of clean sport, agreed to make of themselves on various centre courts.

And that reminds me: let us discuss for a moment the tricky situation which has more than raised its ugly head in regard to recent innovations in this country of professional matches and exhibitions being staged in a town during the same week when its annual tournament is being held at the local club. This obviously creates a division of interest and a lot of bad feeling, not to mention the split in box-office takings. Well, personally I saw this coming from a long way back. I said to myself, "human nature being what it is, the pro's aren't going to take their snub"—and what a snub it was!—"in silence for ever." When the L.T.A. looked up Regulation 29 of the Federation, which says that no tournament, match, or other competition for professionals shall be promoted by or played on the courts of a club or other organisation directly or indirectly affiliated to a National Association, except with the previous consent of such National Association. . . . I repeat, when the L.T.A. remembered how they had safeguarded what they imagine to be the "best

interests of the game" which they watch over so platonically as a holiday without pay, they launched a solid ban over England, Scotland and Wales, and sat back, imagining wrongly once more that the battle was won for keeps. But, of course, the battle was only beginning. As star after star went over to the professional ranks, the promoters were able to announce with absolute truth: "You want the best names; we have them." And proceed to get accommodation with grand stands and all, in other parts of the town. If they chose later to arrange such exhibitions during the very week that must upset the accounts of the official club, well, can you blame them, after the way they have been treated, like something the cat has brought in? Now it is too late to bring up ancient history, or replay old scenes, but when the Council refused, with their noses in the air, permission for Perry to play in practice games with his old Davis Cup comrades and followed that up by a refusal to allow any coaching to be done by players like Tilden, Vines, or Budge on affiliated courts in any town in the country—well, surely you who read this, an intelligent man or woman, must realise that the diehards were signing their ultimate death-warrant. But then, we are always the last country in the world to wake up to what is really going on round us, whether we are dealing with dictators in politics or sport. Because, look you, the attitude that has been taken up in France, Belgium, Ireland, and other countries in regard to the professional menace has been far more reasonable, enlightened, and—let us face it—commercial. In each of these countries, the National Association has given at any rate their partial blessing to the professionals, and realised that the rake-off from the receipts every time a show is staged is going to be most helpful in paying for court upkeep, coaching facilities, and all the rest of it. That is the only fair attitude to adopt: fair, I mean, for all parties concerned, and I don't have to be Old Moore to predict that before many moons have passed the authorities in this country will have to reconsider their present short-sighted policy. Incidentally, once the National Association has given its permission, before the tourney can be staged, the Committee of the International Lawn Tennis Federation has to add its okay, too. But in no case so far has this been refused, which would suggest that the International Federation places the interests of the game first in their attitude towards the ever-growing, ever more powerful professional movement. And we don't. That is the truth, and it must be faced. Not without cause have we been on countless occasions referred to as a nation of hypocrites.

(Continued on page 14)



YOUNG ENTRY AT EATON

Also taking part in the bat-and-ball game were Miss Billie Yorke, who partnered Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey's elder son, Christopher (on right), a most promising young player. On the left is Christopher's brother Patrick, who is three years his junior

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WHERE A DIPLOMAT
TAKES HIS EASE—
SIR ROBERT
VANSITTART'S HOUSE
AT DENHAM



DENHAM PLACE—THE FRONT VIEW



LADY VANSITTART WEAVING TAPESTRY



THE DINING-ROOM AND THE CHATELAINE OF DENHAM PLACE

If after thirty-seven years' service in Diplomacy a man has acquired no sense of humour, his case would indeed be serious. But Sir Robert Vansittart's case is not, for he has just given us an amusing comedy, *Dead Heat*, produced at the Malvern Festival on the 9th, and if ever that film about Lord Kitchener is produced, he is collaborating with Sir George Arthur in the book. Amongst his many adventures in the Diplomatic Service, Sir Robert Vansittart was for four years principal private secretary to the late Lord Curzon, whilst he was at the Foreign Office. Sir George Arthur was for years in a similar capacity with "K" so that the combination in the Kitchener film ought to be simply devastating. Lady Vansittart, who takes as great an interest in Denham Place, and its garden, as does her husband, is a daughter of Mr. Herbert Ward. The Domesday Book price of Denham Place was £7, and its history dates back to one Ulstan the Thane who "gifted it" to his relative, Edward the Confessor, "to endow the new Abbey at Westminster," a phrase which sounds strange in our modern ears



SIR ROBERT AND LADY VANSITTART
IN THE SUNKEN GARDEN

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

said to have retired from the game). In the Monte Waterbury Cup, which follows the American Open, and was played on Oct. 3 last year—a date long after which everybody over here has got his hunters up from grass and they have forgotten that there ever was a game called polo—Old Westbury suffered their first defeat in two years and were beaten 11 to 8 by Aknusti, who were only a 29-goal side against Old Westbury's 35, and the names of the victors have an unfortunately melancholy interest for us. Here they are: E. T. Gerry, Captain C. T. I. Roark, E. L. Gerry, and Raymond Guest. After Old Westbury's brilliant Championship win it was a big upset. If the Old Westbury side has indeed been broken up it will be very regrettable.



THE DRAGON-FLIES AT LE TOUQUET

When one door closes, another one opens almost invariably, and although our country tournaments are still struggling on, the London season is over. Above, one of the teams which has been in action recently against the one below. The names in the picture are (l. to r.): Mr. M. Maud, Captain Legard, Captain Blacker and Lt.-Col. E. Martin

At this moment, under ordinary conditions, country polo, as opposed to the G.H.Q. variety, would be in full blast: but the conditions are not ordinary, nor have they been at any time this season, here or in the provinces, for our bruised arms have not been hung up for monuments and we have hardly had time even for the lascivious pleasing of a lute. London got through without any serious interference by the weather, but just before the Ladies settled their differences in their Championship, and almost ever since, the whole of this land has had to submit to such a sousing as made us wonder whether we would not have been wise to follow the example of the builder of the first ocean-going liner. I feel somehow that if Noah had been on the premises he would have at once started to lay down an *Ark Royal*. They have even had it very badly on the supposedly dry side of the Channel, and Le Touquet ended up in an amphibious atmosphere and on soggy surfaces which are no good to anyone and are a certain recipe for causing the deterioration of even the best. It would be better, as I think, not to play polo at all than do it upon a surface which will induce an intensification of any bad habits which anyone may possess already. It is also a bit apt to take the heart out of the earnest seeker after better things.

Cowdray, very ably run by Lord Louis Mountbatten, got through fairly dry in Goodwood week; Kirtlington ditto, but they have had it very wet up in the north and at Rugby, also in the West. It is to be hoped that West Somerset are going to have a bit of luck and better weather than it has been for that always very attractive tourney at Dunster Lawns, the beautiful ground guarded by that historic castle owned by the Luttrells.

As to major events so far we have had very little news about the American Open, but this does not matter very much, because there is never any doubt as to its success or the class engaged. They have so much available talent that it would be almost impossible for them to put a bad side in action. Old Westbury (holders) won it again last year (Sept. 12), beating Greentree 16 to 7, and in view of our own recent disaster the names of the winning team may be amusing: Old Westbury—Michael Phipps (10; their 1939 No. 1 v. England), Cecil Smith (10; who was to have been in their 1939 team but got badly ironed out), Stewart Iglehart (10; their 1939 No. 3 and in the 1936 team), and C. V. Whitney (5; who ran that team but is now



THE GUÉPARDS v. THE DRAGON-FLIES

The opponents are in the picture above. A *guépard* is what we call in English, a cheetah, the fastest cat on four legs in the animal kingdom. The names are: His Excellency Tahir Pacha, Mr. Y. Gonat, Mr. D. Little, and Captain J. S. Collings

The North team for the Cup of the Americas, won by Argentina in 1936, and to be played for in Buenos Aires, will be Eric Pedley (of whom we saw such a lot to our cost in the 1936 International), Cecil Smith (now quite recovered), Winston Guest and Raymond Guest, though I expect the order of these last two will be reversed. This side ought to take a bit of stopping, but the 1936 one which got such a drubbing was likewise pretty hot. This was it: G. H. Bostwick, Gerald Balding, T. Hitchcock, Jr., and J. H. Whitney. They were beaten in the first match 21 to 9, and in the second 8 to 4, and there was a gallery of over 40,000. The Argentine team and handicaps that did the killing was this: Louis Duggan (6), R. Cavanagh (6; we know him well in London), Andres Gazzotti (8), and Manuel Andrada (7). How many of these are still on deck I do not know, but Cavanagh certainly is. Those who have seen these battles for the Americas Cup tell me that they whack any major cavalry engagement in history for ferocity and that any polo we see elsewhere is kid-glove stuff by comparison. So what?

In the meanwhile, although we hear rumours that America would hate to let the Westchester Cup die an unnatural death and is quite ready to come over here three years hence, there is nothing really definite. Certain vagrom men having now missed the bus very badly, and being daily, or even hourly, left farther behind, perhaps we may dare to hope that peace, however imperfect, may continue. We are rapidly approaching that moment when we can say: "Hold your jaw or take the consequences!" Last September we were not able to say this. It is a very different story this September and it will be still more different in September 1940, 1941, 1942—you can do the rest of the counting for yourselves!

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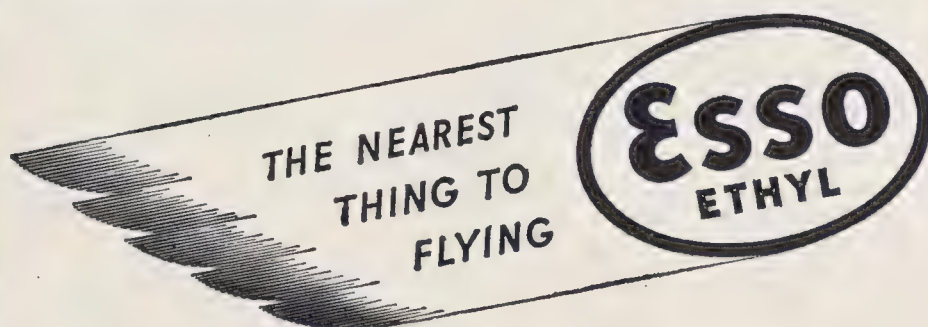
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**LOOK FOR THE OVAL GLOBE
YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY**



FISHERS OF THE DEEP

By ROBERT VERNON LEESE

THE halibut fleet was going out. One by one the boats were slipping away from the cold-storage and working in a ragged line down the harbour past Prince Rupert.

Tam MacPherson stopped at the head of the wooden steps leading to the gently rocking float where the *Lass o' Glengarry* was tied. He stood there, a plump figure balanced on short, stocky legs planted well apart. Of Newfoundland stock, he was known as one of the best skippers in the fleet, and to get a berth with Tam was counted a lucky day among the members of the fo'c'sle. Tam was well deserving of the compliment. Like most Newfoundland fishermen, the sea had been his home almost from the cradle. The call of the sea ran in his veins, as it did in his father's and grandfather's. He had been out with the cod-fishers at a tender age, and was more accustomed to the pitch and roll of a fishing-boat than to the firm sea-beaten rocks that guarded his native village.

Of book learning Tam knew nothing, and to sit for a master's ticket was beyond him. He could scarcely read a chart, yet could pilot a vessel anywhere from the Queen Charlottes to Alaska, and could steer to any bank in those turbulent waters in fog or a blinding snow-storm.

It was after midnight, for no halibut skipper will put to sea before that hour, and Tam was as superstitious as any. The moon was full and riding high, casting a silver glitter over the harbour. Under its cold gleam Tam ran his twinkling blue eyes over each dim hull of the out-going fleet, then turned an affectionate gaze to his own boat.

Aye, a fine lot, but he wouldna trade a single rib o' the *Lass o' Glengarry* for any one o' them.

He climbed down the steps and walked the length of the float to his boat, balancing himself to the gentle roll set up by the wash of the moving boats. Coming alongside the black hull, he touched its stout timbers with a caressing hand. Which did he love the most—the old boat or the wee lass of a wife up the hill yonder, waiting to signal him good-bye? For the life of him Tam could not say. To lose either would break his heart.

He swung himself aboard with an agility surprising in a man of his weight and acknowledged the greetings of his crew with a cheery grin on his round, rosy face.

"Are ye all set, mate?"

"Aye, cap.," came the reply from a broad-shouldered giant leaning on the forward hatch.

"Stand by then, lads," and Tam squeezed into the wheel-house aft.

A bell tinkled faintly below deck. The diesel engine throbbed in response. The ropes were shaken free fore and aft. Again the bell tinkled and the *Lass o' Glengarry* backed slowly clear of the boom. With her nose pointed down harbour she slowly forged ahead, dropping into place in the long line of the fleet.

As the town slid past Tam dropped a port window and leaned out, one hand on the wheel, watching the dark slopes of the hillside where a solitary green light burned brightly. His hand reached for the whistle cord, and two short, sharp blasts echoed in the night. The light on the hill blinked and disappeared.

"Good night, lass," he said, softly, as he drew in his head and pushed up the window.

One after another the twinkling stern lights rounded Digby Island and stood for the open Pacific.

There was a stiff breeze blowing which sent the spray flying over the forward deck in drenching sheets as the *Lass o' Glengarry's* nose ploughed into the long rollers.

Tam cocked his eye at the clear sky and began to whistle a tune. He loved the feel of the old boat. Yes, there was no life like the sea.

The wheel-house door was jerked open and the mate lunged in banging it after him. His oilskins dripped with water.

"Looks like a clear spell, Jack," Tam said, quietly. "She's blowing sou'-sou'-east."

"If she blows a full gale I'll be better pleased. D'you know who's dropped in astern?"

Tam looked into his mate's scowling features.

"Who?"

"Gus Olsen, in the *Lord*."

"I dinna mind having the *Lord* with me, but Gus—no"—and Tam spat contemptuously.

"He made a poor haul last trip and he's in heavy," the mate went on. "He knows you're wise to the banks. He'll hang on to our stern in the hope of catching us on a flat."

Tam grunted, and pursed his lips.

"Douse all lights," he said, suddenly. "We'll give him the slip."

Without a light showing the *Lass o' Glengarry* swung at right angles to the course.

The fleet was fanning out, each skipper heading for his favourite bank. Tam dodged in and out among them, working his way north, trying to put distance between himself and the other boat. He knew he was taking chances, but, then, it was not the first time he had run without lights in order to shake off some boat bent on stealing his school. In the halibut game it's every man for himself and the devil take the other.

When dawn broke the *Lass o' Glengarry* was in Chatham Sound, plunging in the heavy ground swell of those comparatively shallow waters. She had broken away from the main fleet and was heading steadily northward.

Tam's prophecy of good weather held true. The wind blew fresh from the south. The *Lass o' Glengarry* rounded the north end of Dundas Island and stood for the open Pacific. The crew was busy preparing skates, bending on new hooks, and fixing floats. From daylight to dark the work went on.

Tam was sixty miles off shore now on a compass bearing, and checking the time on the chronometer beside the binnacle. His hand went to the engine-room signal cord as the minutes slipped away—eight, nine, ten past the hour. The bell tinkled below. The engine slowed to a steady throb.

Tam leaned from the pilot-house. "Take a sounding, mate."

The lead plunged over the side. Twenty, thirty, forty, sixty fathoms—the tags slid through the mate's fingers. The line slackened and he hauled in. The tallow in the hollow cup at the end of the weight held a fine gravel.

Tam nodded and his eyes twinkled.

One by one the dories, stacked and lashed to port and starboard on the forward deck, were swung over the side, two men to a boat. They dropped astern, one man heaving out the lines, the other pulling sturdily on the long sweeps. When the last dory was out and the tall bamboo flagpoles attached to the anchor buoys bobbed and tossed in the swell, Tam shut down his engine and lay to, labouring in the long Pacific rollers. There was nothing further to do but wait for the fish to strike, and Tam, though he could give no adequate reason for his hunch, knew he was sitting above a school.

Time passed, and Tam, who lay dozing in his bunk, was roused by the watchman.

"Dories signalling, cap."

Tam tumbled from his bunk to look out over the water to where, here and there, an oar was held blade upwards in the tossing dories. Then he signalled the engine-room and spun the wheel, bringing the *Lass o' Glengarry* over the flats.

Deftly he brought the boat alongside a loaded dory, the boom swung out and hoisted the catch of white-bellied fish to the deck, a fresh net was tossed down to be spread in the dory's waist, then he slid away to the next and the next.

By nightfall the boxes amidships were filled with flopping fish, the last of the skates was hauled in, and the weary fishers returned to the mother ship.

It was long after dark and the crew were still cleaning and icing down the pack under the light of electric bulbs strung

(Continued on page 316)



FISHERS OF THE DEEP—(Continued from page 314)

along the boom. Tam was keeping a watchful eye on the darkness around them. He wasn't having any prying skipper sneak up to share his bank. Suddenly he let a roar out of his great lungs.

"Douse those lights!"

Someone pulled a switch and the glare vanished, leaving the deck in darkness.

The mate edged to Tam's side: "Where is he, Cap.?"

"Yonder, hull down on the horizon."

"Think he's seen us?"

"Can't tell, but we won't take any chances. Blacken ship, Jack; we'll take a chance without a riding-light. If he hasn't seen us he may pass on."

The mate turned away with an oath. It would be just their luck to have some swab of a lubber sneak up when they had found fish in plenty.

Mast and side lights went out. The *Lass o' Glengarry* rode at anchor, a darker patch in the darkness of the night.

"Swab down and ice the boxes. We'll finish cleaning in daylight," Tam yelled to the crew, now eagerly clustered at the rail watching the pin point of masthead light bearing down upon them. It had been a long, weary day, and they were tired; but they were fishing on shares and had found a school and would jealously guard their find with all the cunning and trickery they could devise—fight for it, if need be.

Tam watched the on-coming ship, growling savagely under his breath. Port and starboard lights showed plainly now. She was bearing straight for him. He sent the crew below and walked the deck.

The twinkling lights came on, drew abreast, and passed a few cable lengths to lee of the *Lass o' Glengarry*.

Tam chuckled as he saw her pass and followed her stern light northward with his eyes. Then he called the watchman and turned in.

At dawn he was out on deck, searching the grey water with straining eyes. Then he saw her, a dim shadow in the mists, a mile or two away. Her skipper must have realised he had overshot his quarry, for he was circling round, evidently trying to pick him up.

Tam acted quickly. Rousing his crew, he weighed anchor and forged ahead into the drifting mist to pass to weather of the other ship. There was no mistaking that bluff bow, and he eyed her spitefully. Coming abreast he slowed down. The other did the same, while her skipper leaned out of the wheel-house.

"Well, if it isn't Tam MacPherson," he shouted. "Got any fish?"

"Haven't hauled a hook," Tam hollered back. "We're so empty we're bouncing. How about you, Gus?"

A sneer spread over Captain Olsen's thin features, and he gave a cackling laugh.

"Yeh, ain't that too bad? Guess you didn't know we seen your lights. Must have had a fine catch to be cleaning so late."

"Me, cleaning? No such luck! Bust a steam-pipe and had to lay to and patch."

"You don't fool Gus Olsen. Think I'll take a few soundings."

"Well, good luck."

The *Lass o' Glengarry* moved on, steering north-east, while the *Lord* continued her way south.

Tam felt it safer to keep away from the bank rather than give away its position by setting his skates. He still had plenty of fish to clean, and could slip back later, when Olsen had given up. It was an old trick of his, to lose a day's fishing in order to fool another boat. He changed his course to east, and at noon swung south. Night found him back on the flat glaring at Olsen's riding-light and cursing him for a lubberly thief.

He had his dories out before daybreak, but Olsen was on the watch and followed suit. The crews shouted and jeered at one another as they strained at the oars and tossed their

gear. Lines became crossed and were cut loose with a savage disregard for the damage done to the offender's gear.

The *Lass o' Glengarry* carried twice the number of dories as the *Lord*, so that Olsen soon found himself out-numbered and out-manœuvred, for Tam had developed a system of laying his lines which effectually blocked his opponent, also he was continually setting his boat to interfere with the other's dories.

When Olsen realised he was getting the worst of the fight, he drew in his boats and stood off to repair the damage, shaking his fist at Tam in a blind fury and swearing vengeance at a later date. In stuttering sentences, punctuated with oaths, he invoked every misfortune of the sea on the *Lass o' Glengarry* and her crew.

"Teach ye a lesson," Tam shouted in derision. "A fig for your curses, blast ye!"

That night the glass showed signs of a change. Tam studied the sky and sniffed the air, deciding to take a chance and stay on.

They fished till late afternoon, though the glass fell steadily and the sky grew leaden. Then the wind backed to the north-east and the sea began to rise. Tam brought his dories aboard and lashed them in the clamps. With everything battened down, he turned and ran for the shelter of the Queen Charlottes.

The wind increased in force, sending the spindrift flying from the crest of each curling wave. Tam braced himself at the wheel as the seas piled up in front. The waves broke over the bows, sending cataracts of water rushing aft, swirling around the pilot-house.

The mate watched his chance, then dived aft and joined Tam.

"Looks like we're in for a tossing," he gasped, scrambling in ahead of a breaking sea. "She's a bad one, all right."

Sea after sea broke over the bows as if bent on destroying the vessel, but the *Lass o' Glengarry* was well built and rose to meet them, tossing the water wide.

Hours slipped by as they fought their way towards the shelter of the wooded green slopes of Masset. The wind howled in derision and tore at the decks and superstructure. The seas rose higher in green foaming walls of water, which broke on the decks with pounding force, making the vessel creak and groan. The continued pounding battered the dories and strained the lashings until a larger wave than any before broke on them with terrific force. It smashed the stout boats to splinters and swept the deck clear of everything that could be torn loose. The wheel-house shivered under the impact, and the straining timbers creaked in protest.

Tam's jaws were set and his lips were drawn in a straight, tight line.

The island was looming big before them. A little farther and they would be out of the worst and into the shelter of its high ground. Another huge wall of water reared at them, terrifying in its height. The nose of the *Lass o' Glengarry* disappeared as, curling, it broke over the wheel-house, splintering the heavy glass and filling the cabin waist deep in water.

Both men were hurled back, gasping and struggling. Tam fought with the wheel to bring the ship back on her course, while the water sluiced down to the engine-room. The mate wiped a stream of blood from his face.

At last they were in shelter, creeping between bold rocks into a natural harbour. The wind screamed high overhead. The crew crawled out, the anchor splashed into the dark water. The *Lass o' Glengarry* was resting safely.

For three days they hugged the bay while the gale blew itself out. Then, on the fourth day, they limped out under a watery sun and struggled back to Prince Rupert to sell their catch and refit.

In a week they were back at sea, setting their lines and fighting a battle of wits. For such is the life of the halibut-fisher, and with men like Tam MacPherson it's in their blood, and the losses of to-day are the fortunes of to-morrow.



MISS ELIZABETH LUTTRELL

A recent portrait of the daughter of the late Captain Hugh Courtenay Fownes-Luttrell, M.P. for West Devon. Her father's elder brother owns 600-year-old Dunster Castle, in Somerset, which has been in their family ever since the Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, great-granddaughter of King Edward I., acquired it in 1374. Miss Elizabeth Luttrell, who has worked for London hospitals as a charity organiser, is a good amateur artist and has herself been painted many times by such celebrities as De László, Cadogan Cowper and Milton Fisher, her Titian hair being one of her many attractions

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PETROL VAPOUR

By
W. G. McMINNIES

Super-Scottish Scenery.

TWO girl friends, having pinched the family Rover and persuaded their mommas that they were quite capable of driving it, planned a fortnight's tour in Scotland.

I asked them where they were going and was told John o' Groats. Perhaps outside of Edinburgh and Glasgow it was the only other Scottish place they knew of. So after some chit-chat I pointed out that the only reason for taking the John o' Groats road was when attempting the End to End record, and that if they wished to see the best scenery in Scotland they'd better keep over to the west side.

I have driven all over Scotland, and to my mind, incomparably the finest scenery is that which lies north of Loch Alsh. To reach it you proceed through Fort

William to Invergarry, where you turn west. Glen Shiel, the five sisters of Kintail, and Loch Duich are all scenic gems, and happily still unspoilt. Pubs and petrol pumps are few and far between, and as accommodation is limited, it is wise to telephone ahead for it. Be prepared, too, for plenty of ferrying, and realise that the six shillings' fare is worth the money, in view of the long alternative detour.

Work up, in and out of the coast towards Loch Torridon, where the rock-formation and colouring are unique. Hereabouts are certain thin roads which rise at fantastic angles to the mountains and take you literally into the edge of beyond. At Gairloch you meet civilisation again in the shape of a large and well-conducted hotel; and further north you must pause on the crag overlooking Little Gruinard Bay and admire the crystal-clear waters hundreds of feet below.

These west coast roads are not as uncivilised as many maps make out. They are narrow, to be sure, but passing places, which are signalled by special posts, are belled out of them every few hundred yards. After a time you become quite expert in estimating at which passing-place your car and the one that's meeting it will synchronise.

Ullapool for the Night.

Loch Broom forms an obstacle to progress north, and you will be wise to detour it rather than risk the frightful descent to the Ullapool ferry. I like this hamlet which

straggles out into the loch on a long promontory. There are two first-class hotels here, one the Royal, which is situated on the east entrance to the hamlet, and the other, Morefield, which is on the north side. The latter, once a

shooting-box, belongs to a sister of the Duke of Richmond, well-known racing motorist and Berkeley Street agent for Lagonda and Lancia cars.

Two Remarkable Mountains.

Quote the oddest thing I discovered in the far north-west was the mountain Suilven (2399 ft.). It lies to the east of Lochinver and projects into the sky like a gigantic inverted thimble. You can view it from three sides, the most spectacular glimpse being from the south-west where its flanks seem almost vertical. But I was told that its ascent from another angle is a simple matter.

Having reached these famous fishing haunts, take a look at Inchnadamff. Near by are wonderful caverns where I believe they discovered the most ancient of all the ancient remains of primitive man. Also in the same neighbourhood is the only mountain in the world that is increasing in height.

Should you venture still further north-west, you'll find the country becoming more and more eerie. Its features are great isolated blocks of rocks, pools of water and scraps of sinister-looking greenery. There is little sign of life. Everything is grim, deserted and mysterious. The best accommodation in the extreme north is found at Bettyhill, midway along the coast line. And from there you can beat it back to Helmsdale on the east side and rejoin our two young ladies retracing their tracks on the End-to-End route.

Small Cars in the States.

In America the popular "small" car is a vehicle of 20/30 h.p., such as the Ford, Chevrolet or Plymouth. They cost about as much as our 9/10-h.p. models. And the funny thing is that although the big cities are cluttered up with cars, the American mind has not acclimatised itself to anything smaller as a remedy for town-traffic congestion. If the great corporations thought a small car was a practical proposition, they would certainly market one. As they don't, the small car is no good in America. So I met heaps of men who paddle around on big cars, fifty, sixty or seventy thousand miles a year, all on their lonesome. (Continued on page vi)



Truman Howell

THE WESTMINSTER DRAGOONS' COUNCIL OF WAR

A snapshot taken during their recent training on Salisbury Plain, which was not a much pleasanter place than elsewhere during the recent tempests and cloudbursts

In the picture are: (l. to r.) Captain T. A. Glanville, M.C. (Reserve of Officers), 2nd Lieut. R. S. Allen, Lieut.-Colonel E. Munt, M.C. (Commanding Officer), Captain R. A. Kinnersly, and Lieut. the Hon. J. Scott-Ellis, son and heir to Lord Howard de Walden, who is the Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, which has been converted into the 22nd Tank Regiment, T.A.



EUGENE GOOSSENS AND AN EARLY UNION PACIFIC ENGINE

The famous British conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra is also a very keen railway enthusiast. The ancient locomotive on view at the New York World Fair has the old-fashioned wood-burner smoke-stack. This engine was built in 1856



The Sportsman's ETHYL



*‘Plus
a little
something’*

RECORD DISCUS THROW. 174 ft. 2½ ins.
Held by Germany. Established 1935.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

How They Fly.

INASMUCH as the motto of the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire is: "We fly," it is appropriate that they should produce a book, "How We Fly." It is a special publication, in which the authors of the various chapters gave their services free, and the proceeds of the sales will go to the Guild's benevolent fund. Ordinarily I am suspicious of such works; ordinarily I should have said: "They fly, what do they fly? Let them fly," and left the book alone. For it is an axiom of the trade of words that the writer who writes for nothing, writes nothing worth writing; but in this case I must acknowledge and salute a shining exception to the rule.

Edited by Captain Norman Macmillan, well set out and well produced, the book contains some genuinely useful information. I liked in particular the chapter by Wing-Commander Vernon Brown on the investigation of accidents, a subject which has not often been treated by one with expert knowledge, seemingly owing to the belief—far too prevalent in British aviation—that if we never talk about them, accidents will not happen. Other good chapters are by Captain A. S. Wilcockson on Atlantic air transport; by Captain A. G. Lamplugh on aviation insurance; by Lieut.-Col. H. W. S. Outram on aircraft production; and by Commander Harold Perrin on the flying clubs and civil air progress.

Club Development.

Commander Perrin, who is the secretary of the Royal Aero Club, gives some remarkable figures showing the way in which club flying has made progress. It was fifteen years ago that it was first decided that the clubs would be of assistance to the development of civil aviation, and in that year the Air Ministry stated that: "In order to encourage the practice of flying among the general public . . . a scheme is under development for the formation of up to six light aeroplane clubs, the running of which will be assisted by the Government."

That was fifteen years ago. In the last year for which the official statistics are available—1937—there were *no fewer than seventy-seven light aeroplane clubs* in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, fifty-three of them being included in the Air Ministry's subsidy scheme. The membership rose in that period from 525 flying members to 7157. It is a rapid rate of progress when one considers the difficulties, yet now it has been enormously accelerated by the adoption of the Civil Air Guard scheme. Finally, I may say that I recommend people to buy the book, not because the proceeds go to the Guild's benevolent fund—the present taxation rates have made charity a minor lunacy—but because the book is good. The only thing I dislike about it is the full title, which reads: "Let Experts Tell You—How We Fly." Surely if the first four words are used, the last three should be "How They Fly"? There are many illustrations, and a foreword by Sir Kingsley Wood.

Technical Branch.

What do they know of the Air Ministry that only the Air Ministry know? Some time ago I wrote about the plans for the formation of a specialist branch in the Royal Air Force



THE RECENT CRANWELL
FAREWELL BALL TO AIR
VICE-MARSHAL BALDWIN

Cranwell expressed its sorrow at parting with its O.C. with this ball which, in contradistinction to the feelings of the hosts, was a merry occasion! In the picture are, in front: Sq/Leader Boyle, Miss Pamela Baldwin, G/Captain Strugnall, Mrs. Charles Kimpton and F/Cadet Kimpton; (back) F/Cadet Carmichael, Miss Gwyn Green, G/Captain Carmichael and Miss M. Orcutt



THE GUESTS OF HONOUR AT THE CRANWELL BALL WITH F/CADET
STACK AND MRS. STACK

Air Vice-Marshal J. E. A. Baldwin, Cranwell's polo-playing ex-C.O., who was originally an 8th Hussar, is succeeded in the command of the College and station by Air Vice-Marshal B. E. Sutton. F/Cadet Stack, who is in the picture with his mother, is the winner of the Sword of Honour, and the son of the famous test pilot who was injured in a recent crash

Photos. by Howard Barrett

dealing with engineering and other technical matters. I urged the formation of such a branch. A friend in the service later told me that a plan for its formation was being discussed. After mentioning this in my subsequent articles, I asked the Air Ministry about it through the official channels. I asked them when the new branch was likely to be formed, and what it would consist

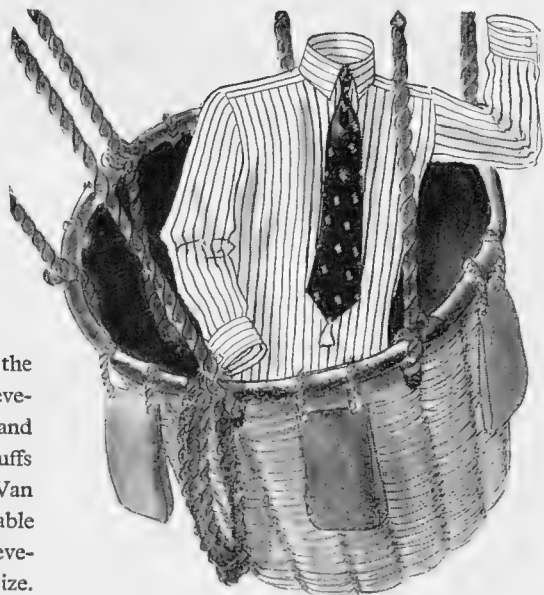
of, and so on. To my astonishment, the official reply was that the formation of such a branch was not contemplated!

The next I knew about it was last week when the official statement was issued that: "The Air Council have reached the conclusion that it is in the interests of the efficiency of the Royal Air Force that a Technical Branch, as distinct from the General Duties Branch, should be formed for engineering, armament and signals duties. It is considered that, in a modern Air Force with its necessarily complicated equipment, it is not desirable or practicable to maintain a body of officers to discharge both the duties of first-rate pilots and those of highly-skilled technicians." That is precisely the argument I used and the result is precisely the one I predicted.

Racing.

We approach the air-racing season—such as it is. This year there will be two fairly important British events and one important French event; the King's Cup air race and the race for the Wakefield Challenge Trophy, both at Birmingham on September 2, and the Coupe Deutsch at Etampes on October 1. I am looking forward especially to the Wakefield Challenge Trophy event, because it will bring forth some entertaining types of small machine specially designed for Civil Air Guard training. After these two events a rather astonishing entry appears in the list of fixtures. It is for the Gordon Bennett balloon race, and the start is to be given in Poland. Let us hope that these will be the only kind of balloons to go up in and about that country.

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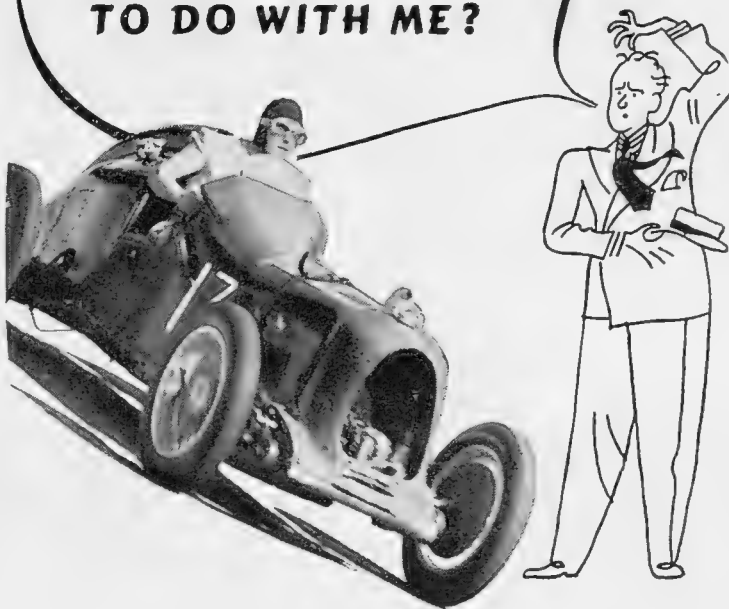
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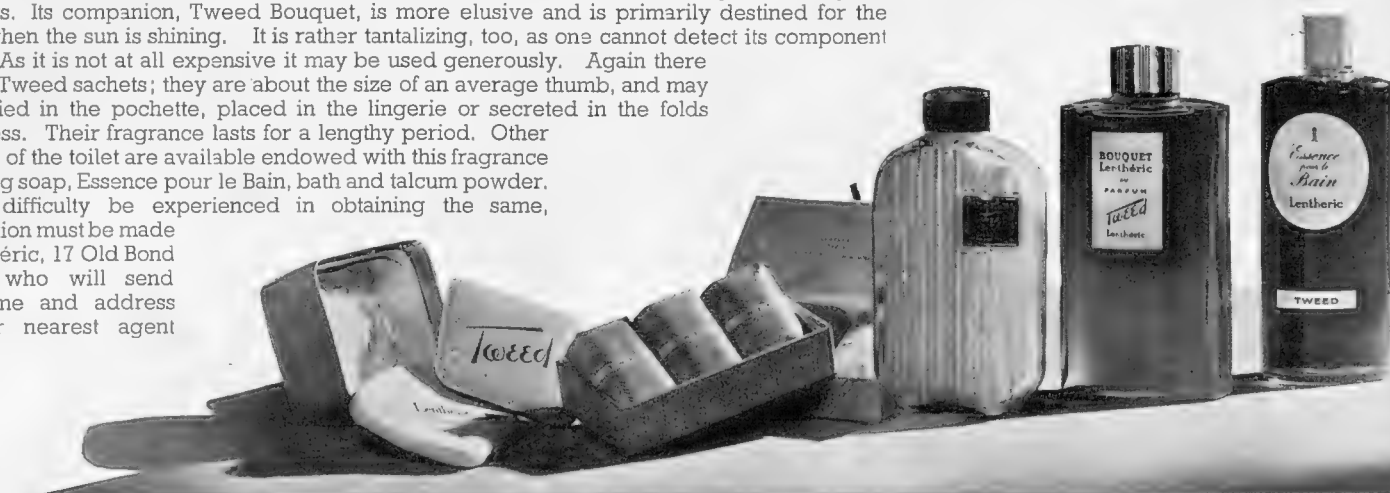
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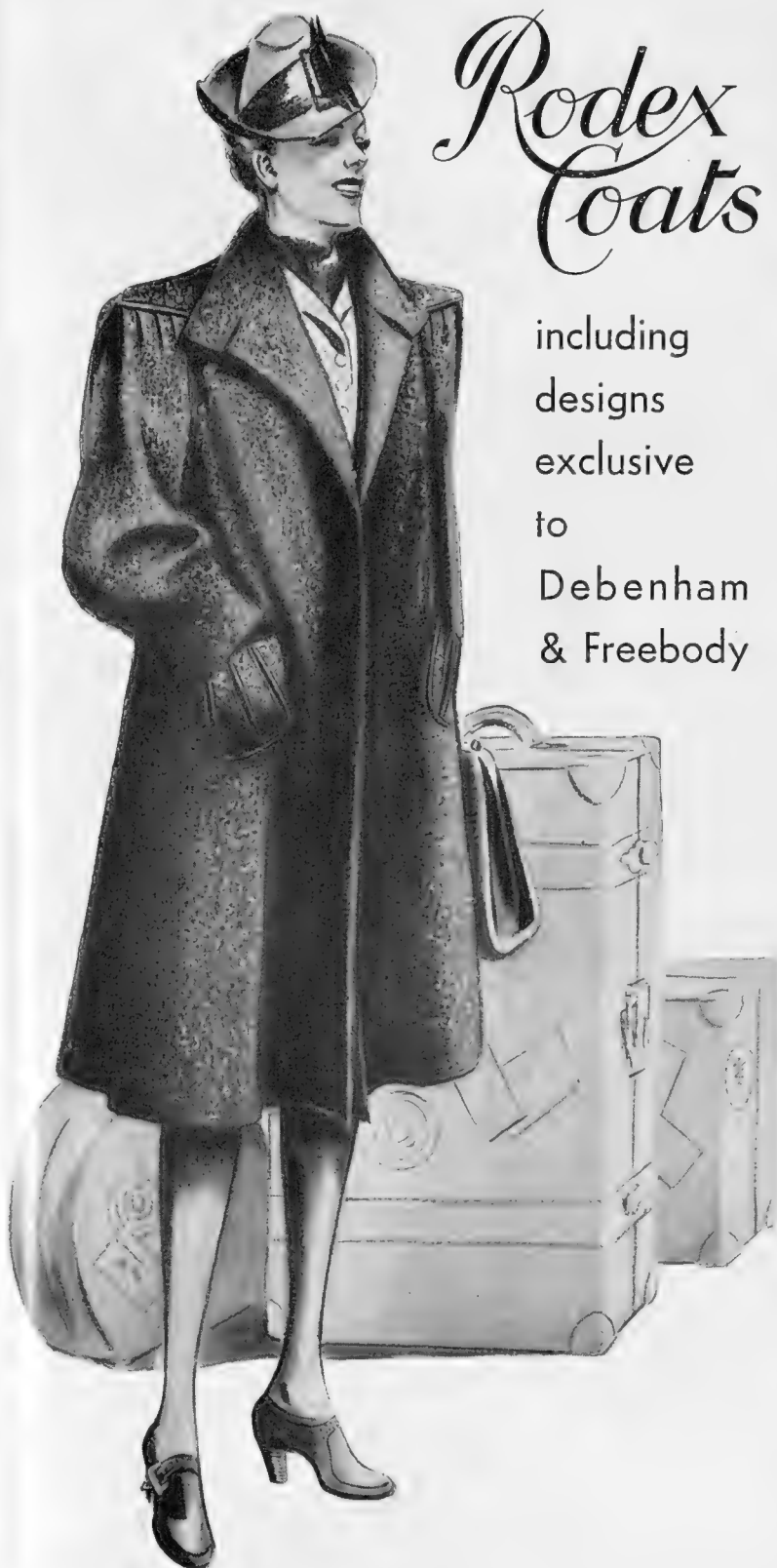


Pictures
by Blake

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and distinction that might be
hard to find at a much higher
price. Jenners pay carriage in
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FURS: First Floor



IN TWEED

THREE shades of mulberry and pale grey are present in the check suit below. The arrangement of the checks gives an air of distinction which is only achieved by perfect tailoring. The flared skirt is cut on the cross while the coat is arranged with four sets of double pockets. They are placed at an angle to show the cross-check and to harmonize with the skirt. And the cost?—well, it is nine guineas. By the way, a fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that there is an Elizabeth Arden salon here, where her many different treatments are given; they are exactly the same as those in London



COLOUR harmony prevails in the salons of Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh—it may be in contrast or subtle blending. For instance a grey tweed suit looks ultra smart with wine jumper, hat, bag, and gloves to match. Furthermore there are cashmere jumpers to tone with all the new tweeds. Nigger and white chevron striped tweed makes the suit above, the cost of which is six and a half guineas. The half-belted coat has high revers, patch pockets and leather buttons. The skirt is arranged with box pleats at the back and front to allow complete freedom of movement

Pictures by Blake

Get up wide awake!

How you feel in the morning depends largely upon how you sleep during the night. Take no chances with your night's rest, sleep on a 'Vi-Spring,' the famous overlay mattress which is specially designed to give you sleep of the most restful kind. Muscles and limbs thoroughly relax on its luxurious softness and you wake in the morning with a feeling of alertness which only a sound night's rest can give you.



The Vi-Spring OVERLAY Mattress

Note the prices of the two latest 'Vi-Spring' qualities.

MAGNA		LEDA	
3 ft.	£4 : 4 : 0	3 ft.	£5 : 2 : 6
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With 6-inch pre-built flexible borders. Made in all sizes.

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Made with 6-inch pre-built flexible border.

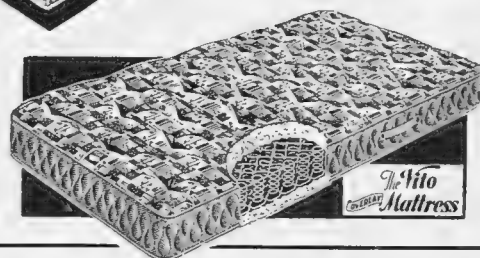
MONARCH		EARL	
3 ft.	£3 : 9 : 6	3 ft.	£4 : 10 : 0
4 ft. 6 ins.	£4 : 15 : 0	4 ft. 6 ins.	£6 : 10 : 0

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MRS. I. S. GRAHAM

Who was formerly Miss Jean Wayland, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel E. R. Wayland, C.M.G., and Mrs. Wayland. Her marriage took place on the 11th of this month to Mr. I. S. Graham, the Seaforth Highlanders, son of Major-General Sir James Graham, C.B., C.I.E., and Lady Graham

Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Lord Roborough and of the Dowager Lady Roborough, of Roborough House, Plymouth; Captain W. G. H. Pike, Royal Artillery, second son of the late Captain S. R. Pike, Royal Artillery, and of Mrs. Pike, and Josephine Margaret, elder daughter of the late Major-General R. H. D. Tompson, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Tompson, of Little Austins, Farnham; Major J. H. N. George, 9th Gurkha Rifles, elder son of the late Mr. C. P. George and Mrs. George, Kilmington, Axminster, and Miss Martha Norah Harris Mitchell, only daughter of the late Mr. F. H. Mitchell and Mrs. Harris Mitchell, Lynwood, Seaton, Devon; Mr. H. E. G. Wells, son of the late R. H. Wells and Mrs. T. Priest, of Harewood, Great Missenden, Bucks, and Patricia J. O. Allan, younger daughter of Mr. R. G. Allan, C.I.E.,

Some September Weddings.

On September 1, Mr. H. Baker is marrying Miss Norah Plunket at St. Mary's Church, Lesbury, and on September 2, is the wedding of Major W. H. P. Gardiner, Indian Cavalry (S.U.L.), son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Gardiner, of Co. Dublin, and Lily Wheelock, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wheelock, of Yatton Court, Aymestrey, Hereford. This wedding will take place at Aymestrey. On September 16, another country wedding is that of Mr. Richard Graham and Miss Beatrice Spencer-Smith, which will take place at Quendon Church, Essex.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. M. J. Cheke, younger son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. Cheke and Mrs. Cheke, of The Cockpit, Fair Oak, and Constance

CAPTAIN AND
MRS. S. O. DE B. S. MACARTNEY

After their recent marriage at the Cathedral of the Highlands, Nairobi, Kenya. Captain Macartney is in the Royal Irish Fusiliers and his bride was formerly Miss Sylvia Pugh

and Mrs. R. G. Allan, of Dilgusha, Baroda, India, and North Castle St., Edinburgh; Capt. R. W. A. Moore, R. A., younger son of Richmond Moore, of Bridge House, Felsted, Essex, and the late Mrs. Moore, and the Hon. Ruth Cockayne, youngest daughter of the late Lord Cullen of Ashbourne, and of Lady Cullen of Ashbourne, of White Plat, Coleman's Hatch, Sussex; Mr. G. K. Donald, younger son of Sir John Donald, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., and Lady Donald, and Maureen, only child of Colonel and Mrs. A. A. McNeight; Captain L. A. Villiers, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, eldest son of the late Rear-Admiral E. C. Villiers, C.M.G., and of Mrs. E. C. Villiers, of Hatfield Grange, Hatfield Heath, Bishop's Stortford, and Muriel Sinclair, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. Sinclair Liddell, of Ashford Court, Ludlow, and of the Baroness Porcelli, of South Street, W.1; Mr. R. J. Kent, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kent, of Sandbanks, Dorset, and Anthea, younger daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Costello, High Court, Calcutta, and Lady Costello; Mr. J. W. de Mestre, second son of the late Mr. E. S. de Mestre, and of Mrs. de Mestre, and Joan, younger daughter of the late Captain C. E. Homan, Elder Brother of Trinity House, and of Mrs. Homan, of Burley, Hampshire; Lieutenant F. A. G. Redl, 4th P.W.O. Gurkha Rifles, only son of Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. F. Redl, C.M.G., C.I.E., and Mrs. Redl, M.B.E., of The Sycamores, Newick, Sussex, and Joan Augusta Della Gana, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Della Gana, of Uckfield, Sussex.



MISS FREDERICA MONTAGU

The daughter of Captain and Mrs. G. F. Weld Blundell, R.N. (retired), of Ince Blundell Hall, Lancashire, who is engaged to Flying-Officer R. Lister Robinson, R.A.F., the only son of Sir Roy Lister Robinson, O.B.E., and Lady Lister Robinson

Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 310)

And that brings me to a book I have been reading this weekend which seems to me to be the best guide to the game that has appeared since Tilden's autobiography. It is "Budge on Tennis," and it is published at six shillings by Jarrolds, and I recommend it to you with all the conviction of my pen, for it is extremely simply written, so that rabbits and stars can equally assimilate it, and at the same time it is both modest, vivid and accurate. What interested me most in the book is the way that the author confessed that he changed his forehead no less than three times before he was finally satisfied with it. And the readjustment from the Eastern grip to the Western and then back again to a modified form of the Eastern was still taking place after he had been to Europe and tasted the fruits of success and drunk from the cup that has gone too swiftly to so many stars' heads. But not so with this red-haired, freckled, unsophisticated youth from California, who never boasted of his prowess, but at the same time possessed the champion's innate confidence in himself to pull a vital match out of the fire. For example, take the historic match between Budge and Von Cramm in the inter-zone-final of the Davis Cup at Wimbledon in 1937. It will be to my dying regret that through pressure of work I missed the match myself, because the opinion has been expressed by Tilden, in whose judgment I have the greatest confidence, that it was the greatest Davis Cup encounter ever staged. Two matches all: two sets all. Think of it, and instead of the standard of the tennis becoming ragged as the game progressed from climax to climax, the quality of the play in the last games was like Chateau Yquem at the end of the banquet. Von Cramm was playing the game of his life, and when the score became four-one in his favour it looked as though America's hopes were fading fast for another year of regaining the cup. But then, as the players changed ends, Budge paused for a moment at the umpire's chair and spoke to his captain. He said quietly, "Don't worry, Cap. I won't let you down. I'll win this one if it kills me." And he did. It looks so simple, those three words, like the familiar tag, "and they lived happily ever after." But it isn't so simple as that, really. Von Cramm played no less well; his inspiration took him to match point, but he could not clinch it. How did Budge bring forth a miracle? I cannot answer that question, I can only tell you what he said when he came up to the net to shake hands with his friend who had so nearly vanquished him. The friend who could still hide his bitter disappointment behind a sweet smile. "Gottfried, you certainly have

got more out of the game than any player who has won everything.

I do not intend upon this page to refer again to the treatment that has been meted out to Von Cramm by some of the committees who such a short time ago were fawning over him, except to congratulate Queen's Club on having accepted his entry for the London Championships. I understand on the best authority that there was some division among the committee as to the course to be adopted, but I am thankful to know that the "ayes" had it. If a club with such traditions behind it and such a reputation for honourable fair play in so many branches of sport is prepared to take the humane course, one can only hope that other clubs, like Wimbledon itself, will next season be shamed into following suit.

There is a vital introduction to Budge's book by Allison Danzig, the tennis editor of the *New York Times*, who writes in the frankest as well as the most friendly way of the Von Cramm problem, and puts forward a theory that was new to me, and is, to say the least of it, very startling. He suggests that the loss of that match in the Davis Cup against Budge meant subsequently the loss of his freedom. This is how he explains it. Had the German not lost the match point he secured, the Nazi Government would not have dared to turn against him in the spring of 1938. For in all probability Germany would have gone on to win the challenge round against Great Britain, which would have meant that next year Germany for the first time would have had the privilege of staging the challenge round on home soil. That would have been too great a sporting honour for them not to have marshalled all their resources to keep the cup in their country. And had that happened, Mr. Danzig is certain that Von Cramm would never have been arrested or sentenced to prison. I am inclined to agree with him. Assuredly, had he won that vital point, it would have been one of the strangest escapes from prison there have ever been. It is only surmise, and there let us leave it, hoping that next year when Von Cramm, as has been stated, is to appear for Sweden in the Davis Cup, that Wimbledon will reconsider its ban, and remember the proverb about throwing the first stone. I am always so afraid to, myself. Aren't you?

Some very promising play was seen in the public-schoolboys' tournament at Queen's Club last week, and an entry of 106 for the open singles showed a keen interest in the game among our potential Davis Cup players of a few years hence. Repton, from which "Bunny" Austin won this tournament five times, was not prominent, but Haileybury provided two of the last eight survivors in the open singles.

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For all information, special free folder, services, fares, etc., call or write—Belgian Railways & Marine, 99 Regent Street, W.1; Southern Railway Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, S.W.1; L.N.E.R. Continental Office, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2, or 71 Regent Street, W.1; A.A. or R.A.C., Imperial Airways, or any Travel Agency.

Mr Can't: 'Change of air puts me right off colour'



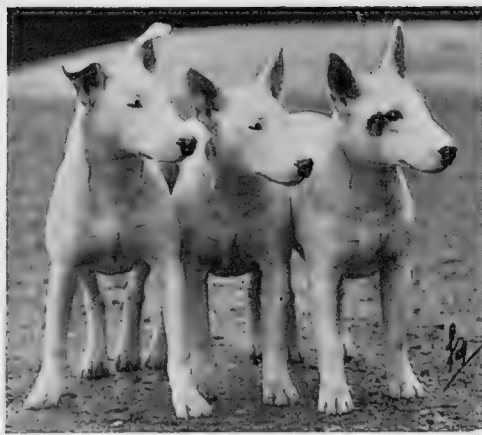
Mr Can: 'That's why you should put yourself on **Eno's**'

During the first few days of a holiday, do you feel like Mr Can't, tired, depressed, off colour? Or are you like Mr Can, enjoying every minute from the word 'go'? Why let the sudden change of air upset you — risk spoiling precious holiday days? Drink a bubbling, health-giving glass of Eno every morning, and *make sure* of the fullest holiday enjoyment. Eno gives you a pure bloodstream and a healthily-functioning body. That's why, for more than seventy years, it has been the finest holiday 'resort'.

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES



SOME CEDRAN BULL TERRIERS

Property of Mrs. Clifford Turner

The show season has so far been quite a successful one. In some cases entries are down, but not badly, and both show managers and exhibitors are going to put their backs into it and see the thing through, with a hope of better days to come. It is therefore particularly disappointing to hear that Birmingham Show has been given up. Birmingham is the oldest and most famous of all shows, and many of us have delightful memories of it. It is intended to have it again next year I believe. People do not realize that shows are not only an amusement, but are an essential help to the dog industry, in which moderately well off people have invested their all. It is therefore their duty to keep going if they can and so to help people to tide over to happier and less anxious times.

The Keeshond was introduced into this country about thirty years ago by Colonel and Mrs. Wingfield Digby, but it is only since the War that he has really taken his place. He is a very handsome dog, intelligent, hardy, and good with children. Mrs. Gatacre has a well-known kennel of Keeshonds, both here and in her home in Holland, where she has every opportunity of seeing the breed in its native land. In addition to the very attractive usual grey colour, she has some blacks, and encloses a photograph of one of them. There is a black dog for sale. Mrs. Gatacre says: "He is a most attractive person who would make a delightful pet. I have also a young winning grey dog, one year old, for sale at a 'pet price,' to clear. I am prepared to send these dogs on approval if people will give references."

The Bull Terrier was first known by that name at the end of the eighteenth century when Terriers were crossed with Bulldogs, to get the required activity and determination. At the beginning of the nineteenth century they were much used in ratting contests. The modern Bull Terrier is a beautiful dog, symmetrical, full of vigour and activity, and when properly brought up makes an ideal companion and guard. He also does extremely well in tropical countries, as he stands heat well. He is very popular on the show bench at present. Mrs. Clifford Turner owns a celebrated kennel of Bull Terriers. She has bred and owned many famous champions, such as Ch. Queen High of Brun, one of the most famous bitches of all times, Ch. Cedran White Queen and Ch. Cedran Snow White. There are always good puppies and show dogs for sale, which can be seen at the kennels at Ascot by appointment.



BLACK KEESHOND

Property of Mrs. Gatacre



SOME APPLEDORRE PEKINESE PUPPIES

Property of Mrs. Adams

There is no sign of any breed ousting the Pekinese from its proud position as the most popular of the toy breeds. I know many people with kennels of other breeds, whose house favourite is a Pekinese. They have a dignity and courage which makes them hold their own with all other breeds. Mrs. Adams owns the well-known kennel of "White Appledore Pekinese." Her white dogs really are white, with black noses and eye rims. She sends a photograph of some of the puppies which are for sale and there are other older dogs as well. Mrs. Adams lives at Ardingly, in Sussex, and is always delighted to show her dogs to visitors by appointment. Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

BEAUTY ALL THE WAY

Beauty Without a Blemish.

NO one can cavil at the statement that complexions are never beautiful unless the skin be absolutely clean; soap and water are not enough, as they cannot penetrate into the pores. A perfect deep pore Cleansing Milk has made its debut, the "Anne French." Among its manifold advantages is that it is soft and penetrating; it searches out from deep down in every pore all the dirt and acid secretions that cause so many skin blemishes. Neither is it expensive, as it is 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. a bottle. It is sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, application must be made to Anne French, 4 Old Bond Street, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent.

Hot Weather Drinks.

"LONG and often" is a good guide to summer drinking. A few sets of tennis, or a hot and dusty walk, lead naturally to Robinson's Barley Water. This year there is a new flavour, Orange, to add to the popular Lemon and Lime. All three are equally refreshing; it is just a question of which flavour you happen to prefer. Children will love the orange, and it is as good for them as it is delicious. Older people, too, find these drinks healthy and invigorating. Any of the bottles costs 1s. 9d. at grocers or chemists.





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creeps on so insidiously, you hardly notice the difference day by day, but others do who see you less often. So start at once to slim... and enjoy wearing what frocks you please

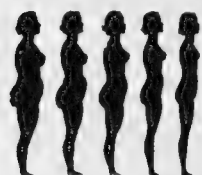


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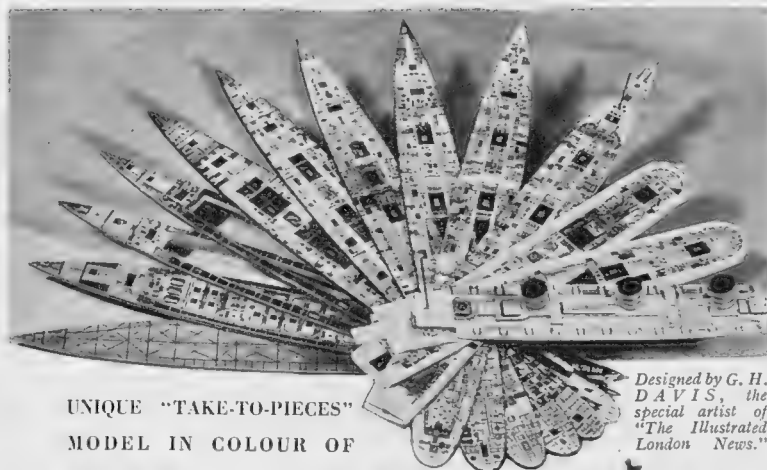
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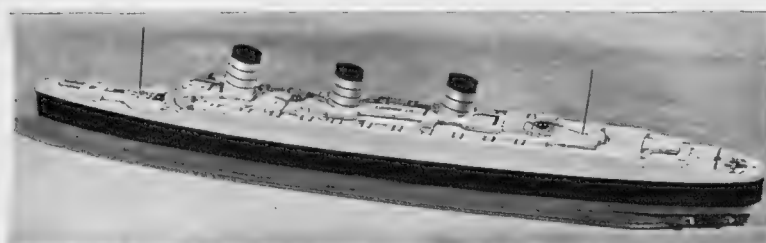


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Cinema—(Continued from page 282)

stately home is Miss Helen Haye, who looks and behaves exactly as a countess must who at tea-time has discovered twenty-four wasps in the jam.

This delightful picture greatly raises my hopes for British films, and I was, quite frankly, resigned to expect nothing further from that quarter. I hear excellent reports also, of the new film starring Miss Gracie Fields. Can it be that things relating to British films genuinely are looking up at last? They have still, of course, a very long way to look up before they attain to the high mark of recent French comedies like *La Femme du Boulanger*. But if in the matter of comedy we can attain to the best Hollywood standard—and I cannot imagine Hollywood doing any better with *A Girl Must Live* than has been done by the blazingly clever cast at Islington—then perhaps we are not entirely to be despaired of in this tricky little matter of picture making!

Petrol Vapour—(Contd. from page 318)

And one or two of them did actually say it seemed a bit silly, but qualified the remark that America was a big country and they covered great distances in the day. Well, as far as my limited experience went, they can't—or, at any rate, don't—go any quicker from A to B than we do.

I asked another magnate if he could foretell the design of cars to come. He said in reply that many people were discussing the possibilities of a rearward mounting for the engine and that this plan had a considerable following. One of the snags is apparently the noise. This statement surprised me as I had always understood that there was less noise when the engine was placed behind the passengers. It kind of gets blown away.

Anyway, if rear engines ever come they'll help the body designers to give us more streamline, clean line formations. Which reminds me that the cars of sixty years hence featured in General Motors Futurama Exhibit at World's Fair were all designed on these lines



ESMÉE WATSON

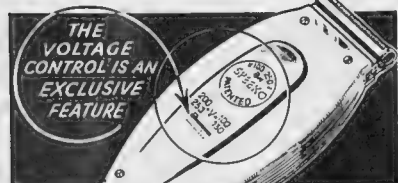
Who is broadcasting every week as Sally Seddon, the air-liner hostess, in the very successful B.B.C. serial, "To Be Continued." Clever and attractive Esmée Watson made a hit as commère at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and also added to her reputation with the "Court Players." Her big chance should arrive before long and then we shall see!

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1. I write imploring your help for a tragic case of great urgency. A London working-class man, whose wife has been helpless and bedridden for two years, has now to go to hospital himself for an abdominal operation; they have two boys, one too young to care for himself. 12s. 6d. is asked for weekly for three months, to board this child out, where he will be properly housed and cared for. Do help him.

Mr. S. P. B. Mais, long known as a lover of the countryside who has the skill to communicate his enthusiasm by means of words, has written a new book which will commend itself warmly to all those who try briefly to escape the dust of Metropolis into "a cleaner, greener land." The title of the book is "Hills of the South," and it consists of itineraries for sixteen walks in the downland of Sussex and Hampshire. It is intended, says the author in his preface, to fill in the gaps left by his two former books, "Southern Rambles" and "Walking at Weekends." It will certainly find a welcome place beside them on the shelves of those country lovers who agree with the author that "minute and insignificant as these hills may be in height, earth has not anything to show more fair than the blue Weald seen from the green tracks that cover the white chalk hills of the south." This is not a book of dry, pedantic sign-posting, though the information is all there, but a personal and tender account of the walks made by the author through these lovely hills. It will certainly encourage many to follow in his footsteps.

A feature of the publication is the pictorial work of Audrey Weber and Helen Ray Marshall. The former has a dozen delightful pictures of downland scenes and the latter four amusing and useful "living maps" of the districts covered. All are well done and beautifully produced. The book comes from The Southern Railway Company at the very moderate price of two shillings.

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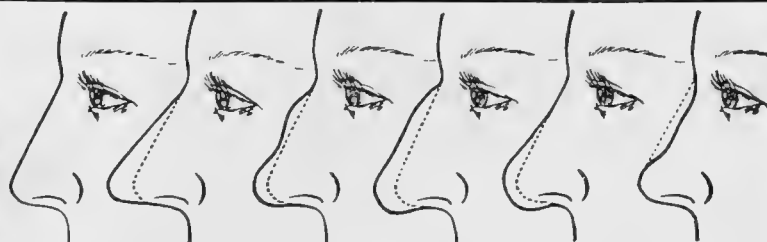
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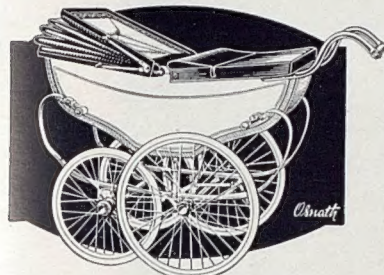
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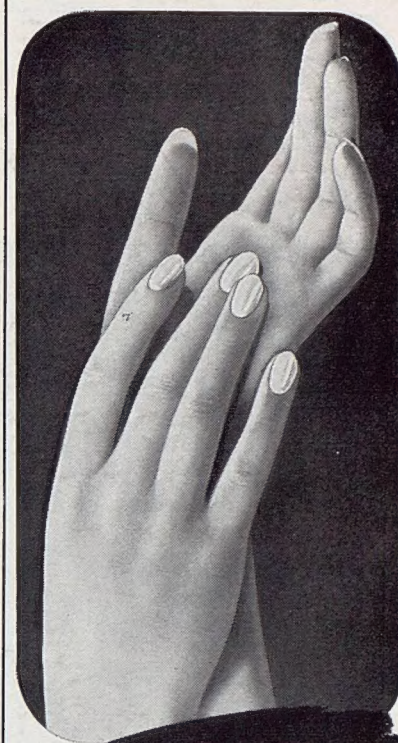
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FRANCE

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Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus ser. with Monte-Carlo & Menton. Ten. Swim. Pool. Private Park. Inc. fr. 120 fr., with bath fr. 140 fr.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—Carlton.—On Beach, inclusive from 110 Frs. August from 125 Frs.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gardens. Weekly terms incl. tips & tax from £4.4.0. With priv. bath £5

GERMANY

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenners Parkhotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel des Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fig. baths and Kurpark, 155 rooms, 50 baths. Pension from RM. 11.

Cologne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriast. 11.—100 beds, all mod. conf., garage. A.A. hotel. Qt. sit., home fr. home. Incl. tns. fr. RM. 7.00.

GERMANY—continued

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on River Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces, Bar. Orchestra, Gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. World ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6-75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—Hotel Imperial.—Exclu., world known, close to springs & baths. Seas. Apr. 15-Oct. 15. Pros. Man. Tel. 35.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel. Near bath-houses and springs. Own large garden.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavarian Alps.—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Leading hotel, best cent. sit. Every com. Prospect. Propr. Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. hotel building. Select home of Intern. Soc. and Arist'cy.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—The new Hotel Excelsior.—Near the Hauptbahnhof. First class. Modern and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing main station. The most up-to-date hotel in South Germany.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel, 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World rnd. Finest pos. opp. Pk. and Op. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best British Society. Pen. fr. 12 Mk.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned. Opposite Park & Spring. Own Bath. Establ. Patr. by best Society. Pension from Mk. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from RM. 12.

POLAND

Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every mod. comfort. 90 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-bar garden.

SWITZERLAND

Baden-Spa (near Zurich).—Vereinahof & Ochsen.—1st-cl. highly cul. fam. hotel. Mod. com., 100 med. (th'l) baths in htl. Mod. terms.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1939. Rooms from Frs. 6. Full board from Frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Les Bergues.—1st class, splendid location, overlooking lake and mountains. Moderate terms.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On Lake front. Fc. Mt. Blanc, nr. Prado and places of interest. Ly. rms. fr. S. Frs. 6. With full brd. S. Frs. 14.

Gstaad.—Bernhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frs. 11.

Klosters.—Sport Hotel Silvretta.—4,000 ft. Orch., Dancing. Pens. fr. Frs. 15. Elec. heated swimming pool. Tennis. Walking. Mountain'ng.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice on the lake, 100 beds. The best first-class hotel entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.—Most up to date, ideally sit. Ex. cuisine: Bar-Grill Room. Orchs. Reas. rates. (Lucien A. Poltera, Dir.).

Lausanne.—Hotel Royal.—Sup. 1st cl. Unr'd sit. Beaut. sunny pk. All rms. with priv. lav. acomm. Ex. cooking. Inc. terms from Frs. 16.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—First class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

Lenzerheide.—Grand Hotel Kurhaus.—Leading 1st-cl. hotel. Best position. Large private park. Open-air restaurant. Trns. from Frs. 13.

SWITZERLAND—continued

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large park; most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, Propr.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake shore. Quiet; yet central. Full pension from Frs. 15.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Hotel St. Gotthard-Terminus.—Fam., hot w., all mod. com. Beaut. view, ex. food, lar. grdn., gar., mod. trms.

Montreux.—Hotel Excelsior.—Best lake side sit. 100 rms all s'th with balcony. Ideal for peaceful comfort. stay. W'kly all incl. terms in £.

Oberhofen (Lake of Thun).—Hotel Victoria.—Leading in pos., and qual. ev'y com. Pk. B't'h'g, Sail'g, Ten., Gar. W'kly arr'gm'ts fr. Frs. 75.

Pontresina.—The Kronenhof.—The traditional English House.

Pontresina.—The Palace.—First class in every way. Own tennis courts. Garage incl. Rates from 15s.

Spiez, B.O.—Spiezerhof.—On lakeside; leading of district; all mod. comforts. Priv. bathing in own grounds. Booklets by Boss, prop.

St. Moritz.—Badrutts Palace Hotel.—Host to the elite. Season: June 15 to end of September.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—The lead'g hotel of the Jungfrau dist., offers you the most enj'able summer holiday. Terms fr. Frs. 15.50. F. Bortel, Pr.

Zermatt.—The Seiler Hotel.—The very place for a really great holiday. Pension terms from Frs. 10, 12.50 and 13 upwards.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest situation at the entrance to Swiss National Exhib. Open-air ter. con. with rest. and bar.

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